

Pearls among the urinaries

Richard Beadle

RALPH HANNA III (Editor)
The Index of Middle English Prose: Handlist I. A handlist of manuscripts containing Middle English prose in the Henry E. Huntington Library.
81pp. 085991 1640

G. A. LESTER (Editor)
The Index of Middle English Prose: Handlist II. Manuscripts containing Middle English prose in the John Rylands and Chetham's Libraries, Manchester.
112pp. 085991 1896

PATRICK J. HORNER (Editor)
The Index of Middle English Prose: Handlist III. Manuscripts containing Middle English prose in the Digby Collection, Bodleian Library, Oxford.
86pp. 085991 2302

Woodbridge: Boydell and Brewer. £19.50 each.

Middle English prose remains something of an undiscovered country, and, current priorities in English studies generally being what they are, those with sufficient editorial skills to redeem a text of that period from oblivion seldom find it the way to academic preferment or appearance in print. Much significant writing of the time, and often prose of the highest interest or quality, continues to be the object of widespread ignorance and neglect. Nicholas Love's fine and most influential *Mirror of the Blessed Life of Jesus Christ* languishes almost

unread in L. F. Powell's 1908 edition, which is practically unobtainable and not at all reliable. An authentic text of Walter Hilton's spiritual classic, *The Scale of Perfection*, is not yet available in print, though Japanese scholars have provided valuable editions of some of his minor works. The anonymous translation of the *Golden Legend* made in 1437, long before Caxton printed his own version, is unfamiliar even to professional medievalists.

These are all desiderata of a high order, and work of course goes on in connection with all of them and many others of scarcely less importance. But there is hardly a case in which such work is not seriously hampered by a lack of knowledge about the exact nature and extent of the primary sources, the manuscripts and their contents. Almost every library in which early English vernacular manuscripts are to be found in any number holds volumes containing Middle English prose seldom opened since the sixteenth century, let alone catalogued, studied and edited. Until they are, knowledge of the repertoire of early English prose, and of the ways in which prose developed as both a literary and a practical medium, will remain relatively sketchy and partial. There are still undoubtedly significant discoveries and attributions to be made, for this is the field which has already yielded, within living memory, major revelations such as the Winchester Malory, *The Book of Margery Kempe* and *The Equatorie of the Planetis*.

Calls for an *Index of Middle English Prose* began to come soon after the completion of the indispensable *Index of Middle English Verse* (1943). Such a project was at length initiated at

a conference in Cambridge in 1977: the *Henry E. Huntington Library, John Rylands and Bodleian Libraries, Manchester and Bodleian Digby Handlists* are its first-fruits. Identifying, classifying and indexing Middle English prose is a much larger and more difficult undertaking than gathering the verse *incipits* of the period, and the preliminary task of locating and hand-listing the extant material by collection is currently the work of an international team orchestrated by A. S. G. Edwards. The second phase will be to compile the prose *Index* from the *incipits* (and reverse *explicit*s) scattered throughout the various handlists, which are likely to go on appearing for years to come.

Some of the work of handlisting is straightforward - where, for example, a manuscript contains a single text. The problems posed by the numerous miscellanea, however, compilations of things like culinary and medical receipts, or short devotional tracts (often excerpted from longer works), are very formidable indeed. For example, medical receipts for one and the same ailment are sometimes so numerous and so minutely varied as to defy classification. Early technical writing of all kinds is not frequently to be found in print, and will undoubtedly prove a severe trial to the indexers, who already have much to put up with in other ways. As one contributor to the 1977 conference observed of his encounters with the *medicina*, "There were enough unpleasant connotations 'For the man that may not piss' for me not to want to go on to those 'For the horse that may not piss'." The going can indeed be heavy in these areas, and the indexer will turn with relief from this sort of thing to, for instance, the

charms and spells that often appear in the same manuscripts: "To make angels appear", or "To save your clothes from stealing all night".

Handlists I, II and III promise well for the project as a whole. Ralph Hanna III, G. A. Lester and Patrick J. Horner have set exemplary standards in identifying the prose items in their respective collections, and their lists of manuscripts elsewhere containing the same texts will be invaluable to compilers working in other libraries. This however raises the only obvious omission (which the General Editors should consider retrospectively for these volumes, as well as for future handlists), namely a consolidated list indexing all the manuscripts - wherever their location - mentioned anywhere in each handlist. With each new list of this kind, cross-referencing and identification of texts will be greatly expedited for those still at work in the field, for as the weary researcher opens yet another charmless urinary, he or she will be grateful to know at a glance, rather than after a trawl, whether reference has already been made to the manuscript.

Studies in Bibliography, Volume Forty (236pp. University Press of Virginia, \$25), opens with articles by G. Thomas Tanselle on sample bibliographical descriptions of Melville's *Redburn* and by John Jowett and Gary Taylor on the three texts of *2 Henry IV*. Other contributions include Conor Fahy on the 1512 edition of *Orlando Furioso*, and Jan Fergus and Ruth Portner on the records of the eighteenth-century bookseller John Clay. In all, some nineteen articles range as usual from the fifteenth century to the mid-twentieth.

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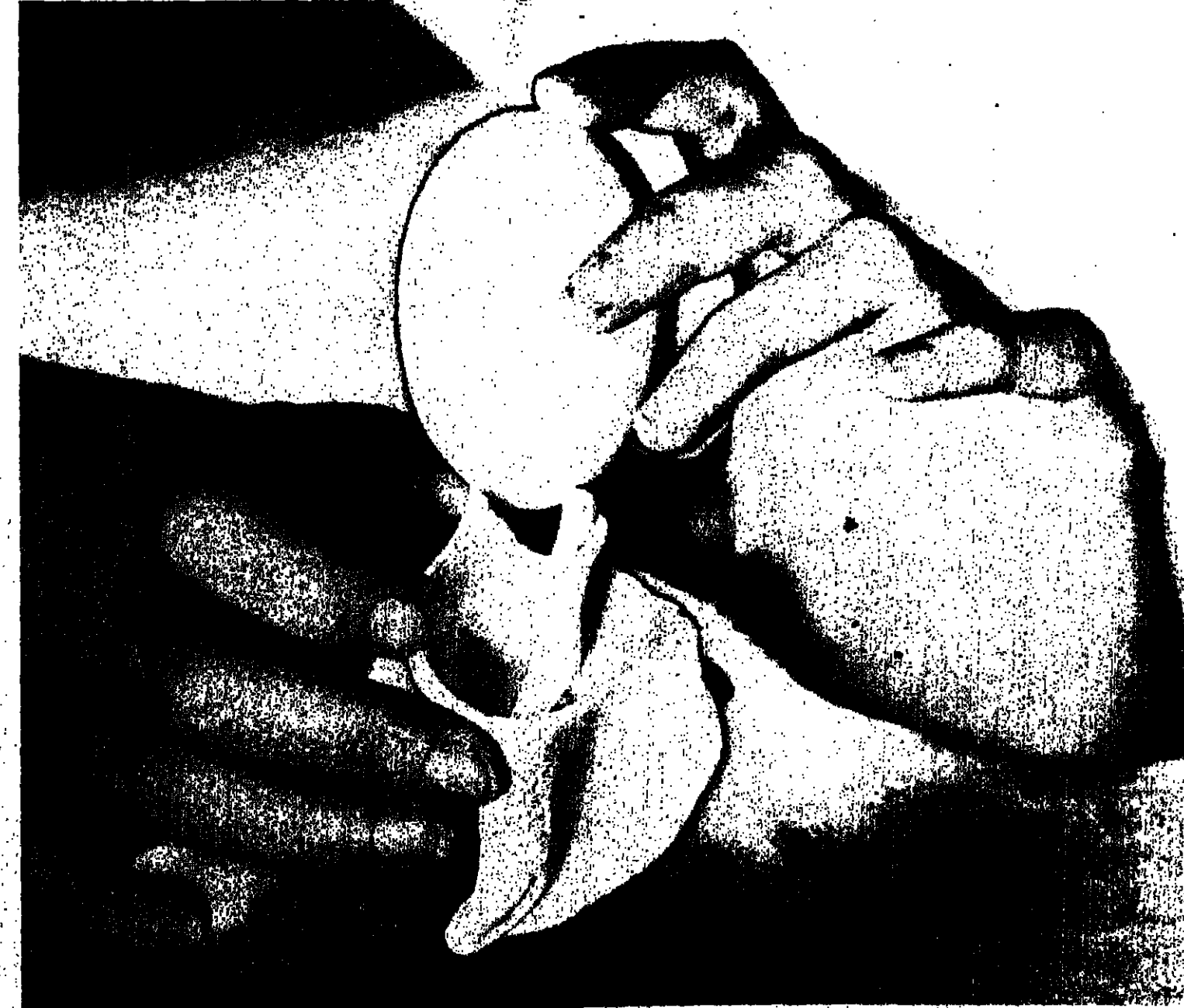
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'L'Œuf et le coquillage', reproduced from *Mar Ray: Photographs* (256pp, with 347 duotone plates, £15.95, 0 500 27473 8), which will be published on August 10 by Thames and Hudson.

The intelligentsia goes pop

R. W. JOHNSON

KEITH A. READER
Intellectuals and the Left in France since 1968
154pp. Macmillan. £25.
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244pp. Oxford University Press. £15.
019 5041046

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134pp. Paris: Gallimard. fr. 62.
207 0709485

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La Défaite de la pensée
165pp. Paris: Gallimard. fr. 72.
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BERNARD-HENRI LÉVY
Éloge des intellectuels
154pp. Paris: Grasset. fr. 55.
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HERVÉ HAMON and PATRICK ROTMAN
Génération
Tome 1: Les Années de rêve
616pp. Paris: Seuil. fr. 110.
202 0095491

It is a well-established law of social history and publishing alike, that a large surge of publication about a "topical" social phenomenon is a clear sign that that phenomenon has fallen into irreversible decline. This is not quite the paradox it seems: often it is only as a phenomenon declines that it is possible to get a sufficiently external view of it to sum it up. There is no doubt that this maxim applies to the outpouring of books about the French intelligentsia – of which the titles above form only a part.

The present crisis of the French intelligentsia has three major facets. The decline of the French Communist Party (PCF) and the waning of Marxism have deprived intellectuals of the ideological lodestone which has guided them since the war. The commitment to Marxism or Communism satisfied many needs: a taste for the absolute, a powerful world-view, a chic radicalism, the possibility of alliance with a formidable political and trade union movement and an altruistic concern for the wretched of the earth. No replacement for Marxism is in sight and, looking at that list of attributes, it is difficult to imagine that any alternative can offer half as much.

The recession of this ideological tide has, moreover, coincided with the demise of many leading figures. Sartre, Aron and Foucault have died; Roland Barthes, on leaving a lunch with Mitterrand and the Minister of Culture, Jack Lang, was knocked over and killed by a laundry-van; Paulantzas committed suicide by jumping out of a fifth-floor window; and Althusser seems unlikely to re-emerge into public view after confessing to having strangled his wife. (Althusser's fate says something of the peculiar status of French intellectuals. Roger Garaudy, in *Le Monde*, wrote a highly sympathetic account of the tragedy, suggesting that Althusser had been so haunted by the idea of death that he had merely wanted "to free those closest to him from the torment of life" and that it was really a case of "altruistic suicide". The rest of the press observed a respectful silence despite the fact that Althusser has never been brought to trial.) Garaudy himself is still with us. Having progressed from Politburo membership of the PCF to dissident Marxism, he became first a Green and now a Muslim, extolling the "enormous debt" we all owe to Ayatollah Khomeini.

But the greatest threat to the traditional intelligentsia derives not from political sources but its own social behaviour. The sociologist Pierre Bourdieu has written at great length of how intellectuals sought to consolidate their "aristocratic" position in French society by the development of an ideology of "distinction", the chief signs of which were an exaggerated taste for arcane and inaccessible language and theories. This is undoubtedly true, as anyone knows who has attempted to plough through theses developed in this specialized argot (in which words whose meaning one thought one had grasped now appear, bafflingly, in inverted commas, suggesting a new and always elusive refinement of meaning – one never does quite catch up). Even so intelligent and

readable an interpreter of the French scene as Keith Reader falls into this trap occasionally, as when he observes, in *Intellectuals and the Left in France since 1968*, that "Tel Quel's politics of the signifier provided a sophisticated theoretical justification . . . for the radical liberating possibilities of the texts it exalted", and goes on to suggest that the magazine's theorizing may also be seen as "a phallosocratic enterprise of totalization". Faced with prose like that, one could indeed do with a signifier or two. One hastens to add, though, that Reader's book is the best of those reviewed here – a sure guide through the subtleties of the French intellectual scene of the past two decades. Unhappily, he has been poorly served by his publishers, who have slapped a grotesque price on his admirably succinct book.

But there is another way of understanding Bourdieu, that he is in effect rationalizing the way in which French intellectuals have latterly deserted the world of learned journals and arcane debates in order to go pop. There is no doubt that this process – scathingly chronicled by Régis Debray – has occurred on a large scale. The modern would-be intellectual aims at publishing in *Le Nouvel Observateur*, *Le Point* or *Le Monde*, not in *Annales* or *Tel Quel*, and the summit of his hopes is to appear on television. Just what a descent from grace that could involve was best illustrated by the phenomenon of the *nouveaux philosophes*, packaged and marketed rather like pop stars but singularly devoid of real intellectual substance. Dobray's verdict, cited in Melinda Camber Porter's *Through Parisian Eyes*, is perfectly just:

People like Bernard-Henri Lévy are stars. First, because they have an ego which needs satisfying . . . and the job of the intellectual is to exercise an influence on the way other people think. So the actual vector of influence is in the media, nowadays. All the intellectuals are in the media. A few centuries ago you would have found these same people as preachers at Notre Dame, because that was where the action was. Tomorrow, if being in the circus where the action is, they'll learn how to do a flying trapeze act. These are not people who produce a body of serious work. They are people who want power. Stendhal did not exert any influence on his contemporaries. He wrote books.

Several of the books under review underline this verdict. Luc Ferry and Alain Renaut's *68–86* is an undisguised piece of book-making, based on the false analogy between the Events of May 1968 and the student demonstrations of December 1986 which forced Chirac to climb down on university reform. The latter event was, after all, the very model of conservative, respectable pressure-group politics, aimed at preserving the status quo which guarantees university entrance to any student with the *bac* and which does not allow of a national pecking order among universities. The Ferry-Renaut volume is simply one example of what promises to be a major wave of books trying to make a quick killing out of the twentieth anniversary of the May Events. Their book is full of empty philosophizing, the tone of which may be gathered from the happy familiarity with which they refer to such intellectual giants as Abby Hoffman and Jerry Rubin as "Abby and Jerry".

Alain Finkielkraut's *La Défaite de la pensée* is not much better. It argues, plausibly enough, that the crisis of the French intelligentsia derives in part from the internationalization of culture and the fact that all societies are becoming multi-cultural, losing much of their old national specificity. Finkielkraut then attempts to touch base with the entire pantheon of cultural influences, ranging from Stalin to Shakespeare, before somehow reducing it all to the Band Aid slogan (taken as the motto of the new universal culture) of "We are the world, we are the children". No hunt. Or rather, *huf*.

Bernard-Henri Lévy's *Éloge des intellectuels* is so profoundly silly and pompous as to be almost a self-parody. The main sign of the intellectual crisis for Lévy is the superior attention being showered by TV on pop stars, comedians and charismatic entrepreneurs. Not, he



One of the photographs from the section "Landscapes" in *Ennonn McCabe's Photographs with text* by Simon Barnes (82 black-and-white plates. The Kingswood Press, 10 Upper Grosvenor Street, London W1. £15. 0434981109).

hastens to add, that there's anything wrong with TV – "I find myself very much at home there". He then goes on to predict the emergence of a new kind of intellectual which, typically, he refers to as "the Intellectual of the Third Kind". This turns out to be a self-portrait, with the most important characteristic apparently being hostility to the Left. This is a book by a man with almost nothing to say but who can't bear not to be in print.

Melinda Camber Porter's book is more of a curate's egg – a collection of thirty-three interviews, some of which are genuinely interesting. At least, there were clearly supposed to be thirty-three interviews but some of the most important subjects – Sartre, de Beauvoir, Malraux, Raymond Aron – are simply missing. Others such as Peter Brook and Breiten Breytenbach don't really belong here, while others still – Yves Montand or Roger Vadim (who appears in a chapter entitled "Decisive Women") – don't have much to say. The result is a disappointingly slight book. Quite clearly, the key figure for Ms Porter was that leading specimen of the *grand journaliste*, Olivier Todd: besides one chapter devoted to him many of the chapters on other figures largely consist of Todd's comments on them. Todd is refreshingly down to earth. One reason for the national prestige of French intellectuals, he points out, is that they gave France a world reputation for intelligence and sophistication, while the brutal truth is that the French read fewer books than most and can muster only one quality newspaper. (One cannot, for all the fashionable hype, count *Libération* – which carries far less news than, say, the *Guardian*, sells only 100,000 copies and carries soft porn.) Todd describes French intellectuals as "drunk on words. Sentences have a poetical beauty. But the verification principle just doesn't apply."

There is an important point here. French high culture, even more than its British counterpart, has been essentially literary and philosophical. It has also had a boldness, élan and brilliance which one can only admire. But this literary bias – even the predominant Marxist current was always singularly lacking in any knowledge of economics – has meant that the intelligentsia has, in its political judgments, always been extremely open to the winds of fashion. In the 1960s this led to a largely uncritical acceptance of Third Worldism – Mao's claims for the Cultural Revolution found more believers in Paris than in any other European capital. Similarly, in the past few years many French intellectuals went overboard on Reaganism to a degree unequalled anywhere else in Europe. If one pointed out that the Reagan economic boom was based on unsustainable budget and trade deficits which spelt terrible trouble around the corner, one was met by blank incomprehension: it was all a matter of style and ideas, wasn't it?

Or again, the critique of communism mounted by French intellectuals in the last decade has centred, above all, on the gulag, a discovery always treated as new, shocking and explosive. But the historical facts about Soviet labour-camps had been widely available for years – it was only the previously blinkered attitude of the French intelligentsia that made the phenomenon seem new. In general, the lack of any real roots in the more hard-nosed social sciences has meant that this has been an intelligentsia largely free to believe what it wanted to believe.

This is one reason why May 1968 still occupies such a central place in all these accounts of Parisian intellectual life. Hervé Hamon and Patrick Rotman, who made their name with a muck-raking exposé of Parisian intellectual life: *Les Intellectuels*, have launched out on a two-volume account of the generation which made the Events. The first volume, *Les Années de rêve*, traces their story from the mid-1950s through to 1968; a second volume, *Les Années de poudre*, will follow the former *énervés* through to today. The authors have done their research well and the results are fascinating, especially since they intersperse their account of events with snippets in which the main actors look back with hindsight on what they said, did or felt at the time. The strength of the book lies in the careful reconstruction of the political and intellectual environment of the late 1950s and early 1960s – the world of the Union des Étudiants Communistes, Mélenism, the

PSU, UNEF, the Servin-Casanova affair (Marcel Servin and Laurent Casanova, the young Turk reformers of the PCF, were expelled from the party in 1961); the impact on the likes of Debray, Daniel Cohn-Bendit, Alain Geismar, Serge July, Pierre Goldman, Alain Krivine and Bernard Kouchner of Hungary, the Algerian War, the building of the Berlin Wall, and of such cultural bombshells as rock-and-roll, *Jules et Jim*, *A Bout de souffle* and *Les quatre cents coups*.

Hamon and Rotman are, I think, doubly right to insist on the importance of cinematic influence. In 1950 Paris had 140,000 students; in 1960 215,000; in 1963 308,000 and by 1968 600,000. While the ever-growing class could drift around the Boul' Mich and sit in the Deux Magots, La Rumerie, the Old Navy and Le Buci, marvelling that the *cafés de papa* were all still playing their central role, the more humdrum truth was that the Sorbonne was still also *l'université de papa*: almost nothing had changed to accommodate the burgeoning student body. The reality was inaccessible professors, an ever-more desperate search for lodgings and, often, profound loneliness. Then, as now, the only real refuge lay in the huge number of cinemas which dot the Left Bank: there students can escape into a world of fantasy and surrealism which is often as real to them as anything else in their lives. It is impossible to understand the slogans of May '68 – "Je suis marxiste – tendance Groucho", "L'imagination au pouvoir", "Sous le pavé – la plage", and so on – unless one takes this surreal, cinematic influence into account.

The cinema also probably played its part in the growing belief in voluntarist action. The students of the 1960s had seen the Algerian

FLN take on half-a-million French soldiers – impossible odds – and win. Che Guevara, first in Cuba and then in Latin America at large, also seemed to preach the message that who dares, wins. Mao's Cultural Revolution suggested much the same message – even the most massive social and economic obstacles could be overcome by determined acts of will. Most of all, of course, the continuing struggle of the Vietnamese suggested that sheer determination might overcome even the might of American imperialism. And given De Gaulle's crusade against that same imperialism, it seemed easy enough to conclude that "Vietnam fights for us!" Without doubt the Tet offensive of February 1968 had a major, perhaps even a decisive impact, on the events that were to erupt in Paris three months later. The Vietnamese had taken everything the Americans could throw at them, had been napalmed, targeted with smart bombs, hunted down by fleets of gunships, carpet-bombed with B-52s – and yet here they were, by a gigantic and heroic assertion of will, carrying the war right into Saigon, fighting from the very basement of the US Embassy, running up the NLF flag in Huế. What could the will not achieve? It was indeed like the films where the western heroes triumphed against impossible odds.

It is conventional to celebrate May '68 as the source of the new ideological directions of the 1970s – feminism, participation, ecology and so on; a new beginning. But May was also an end, a defeat. The retrospective comments of participants leave no doubt about that:

My years as a militant did nothing for me. I deplore the fact that all that knowledge, all that savoir-faire, was not recognised by society. In that career I met

people who were more intelligent than my present superiors in the hierarchy. None of them holds real responsibility today. Of that whole adventure, nothing remains. Nothing. [A junior official in the Education Ministry.]

To find yourself a star from one day to the next, that goes for you. You couldn't go into a bistro without people expecting you to utter historic words. The patron of your usual restaurant in the Rue Cujas would offer you a gun in case it might be useful. People quite unknown to you would kiss your hands and call you a son of the people. It was strange, worrying, but of course enjoyable. And it was hard, aggressive and frightening. I didn't know who I was any longer. [Alain Geismar, today a Vice-president of the Informatics Development Agency.]

I lived from day to day. Like everybody else I was surprised at the scale of the events. I had no idea as to the outcome. I didn't know what the limit was, or if there was a limit. I felt isolated and cut off. Politically I was rootless, incapable of debating with the Left militants with their certainties. I started off because I'd been left behind. It was a flight. [Daniel Cohn-Bendit.]

For May also showed the limits of voluntarism. The Fifth Republic régime might well be authoritarian and unresponsive, but it had given France a decade of stability and unexamined prosperity. In the crunch, that was not to be lightly cast aside. A voluntarist student revolt, even when accompanied by the greatest strike wave the country had ever seen, produced, in the end, a crushing right-wing parliamentary majority. It may be possible, once in a while, under the exactly right conditions, and with a simple trumpet blast, to bring the walls of Jericho tumbling down, but brick walls don't usually behave like that. And it is naive and parochial not to have understood that before. For the truth was that the Paris intel-

ligentsia had, as ever, been indulgently selective in the images of voluntarist triumph it sought to emphasize. The students had, notably, paid almost no attention to those other and even more moving events of spring 1968 in Prague. Eastern European Communism in crisis? So what else was new? Dubček promising reform? Who on earth could be interested in reformism? The Russians as oppressors? Well, of course.

Nothing is more telling than the image with which Hamon and Rotman end their book. Two of May's leading figures, Serge July and Alain Geismar, set off in August 1968 for a cultural conference in Havana, to be presided over by their hero, Fidel. When their plane made its obligatory stop in Prague the two men walked the streets without much interest – though events there were on the brink of their tragic climax. Arriving in Havana, they heard the news of the Soviet invasion, and were vaguely shocked when Fidel made no mention at all of the Paris Events but supported the invasion of Czechoslovakia. The *Realpolitik* of this seemed wholly to escape them: that as a small, threatened Communist outpost, Cuba had no wish to give gratuitous offence to the French government but every reason to acclaim energetic Soviet action to protect Communist régimes elsewhere. July and Geismar, feeling distressed and uneasy, decided to cut their visit short and return home. Meanwhile, Régis Debray sent an indignant letter of protest to Castro. No mean feat – the letter had to be smuggled out – for Debray had heard the news on his transistor while sweating out time in a far-away Bolivian jail, where he had been landed by his own pilgrimage after Che Guevara.

spread in France as elsewhere.

If M de Broglie were a linguist, and not simply a well-meaning patriot, he would realize that there is no one essential language of humanity, but that all languages, in their different ways, contribute to this ideal. French has made a unique contribution in the past, through historical accident, and for the time being at least, it has had to yield to English as the world *lingua franca*. But how serious a matter is this if, within their borders, fifty million exceptionally lively and articulate individuals continue to speak to each other in French? Knowing them as we do, we can surely count on them to go on generating enough Frenchness to give a pungent seasoning to world culture.

There is some truth in these remarks, although they are all debatable. They are followed, unfortunately, by a strange paragraph about the supposed limitations of English:

Le vocabulaire anglais est... plus instable et imprécis que le français. Il est conventionnel et utile, comme l'argot. Les mots courts, monosyllabiques, nouveaux, les sigles utilisés comme noms y pullulent. Les mots composés par simple juxtaposition s'y forment sans logique ni clarté. Ils expriment des rapprochements, des tendances, des pseudo-notions forgées par commodité mais dans la confusion et l'ambiguïté.

This blinkered generalizing only serves to show that Broglie, while he may, as he claims, have some knowledge of English, is devoid of any real feeling for the language. He is an example of linguistic insularity, a phenomenon as wide-

Top notch among the nobs

Robin Buss

PATRICK LINDSAY BOWLES
Anglais chlc, anglais choc
180pp. Paris: Flammarion, fr. 70.
2 08 064887 X

As an American of British descent and education living in Paris, Patrick Lindsay Bowles possesses the basic qualifications for his task of explaining the social nuances of the English language to French readers. He also has wit and a fund of anecdotes, and appears to move in the kind of society that determines what is and what is not *bon chic*, *bon genre* on both sides of the Atlantic and the Channel.

Nevertheless, the enterprise is full of pitfalls. As Bowles points out, the number of social varieties of English is enormous; and, though he confines himself to British and the United States (with many supporting illustrations from French and one from Swahili), he is dealing with idioms that are constantly changing. From time to time, *Anglais chlc*, *anglais choc* reads like an entry for a competition inviting passages of misleading advice to foreigners.

In any case, the "Frenchman or French woman" who tries to adopt Bowles' indiscriminate as a guide to correct usage will step off with a *faux pas*. Foreigners, unless they can pass as native speakers, are preferred when it can be assumed that they are unfamiliar with local custom. In Japan, this assumption is so

deeply embedded that Western speakers of the language may simply remain unheard. French visitors, armed with Bowles, are sensibly advised to ask for the lavatory rather than the bog, the throne, or the thirty other synonyms listed under *non bog* (they would probably have done so in any case); but they should not put too much faith in his assertions that *whispering* is both *très charmant* and *un comportement employé* in polite society for "drunk", that *scoff* is the word for "food", or that *absolutely topping*, *thanks awfully* and *top notch* are in general use.

However, these would be trifling faults. Quite clearly *bcg* himself, Bowles is diverting and in the main helpful to anyone rummaging in the top drawer. He includes a lengthy appendix on correct forms of address for members of the aristocracy. But there is an implicit assumption that his reader will want to talk with "the nobs", rather than with those who might describe them as such. Heaven help the innocent who tries, on the authority of *Anglais chlc*, *anglais choc*, oblivious of its errors in typography and confusions of usage, to pass for one of the lads: "nice to meet you baby-oakes. How is the hubbly (sic) doing? snoozola, perhaps? Would you like some slime or do you imbibe? Mine's a cherry (sic), as Bowles would say). It is not the *bcg*, but these readers, light on their feet, as time as badly trained enemy agents, who should cling to the maxim: "never explain, never complain, never explain."

Audible truths

Wilfrid Mellers

JOSCELYN GODWIN (Editor)
Music, Mysticism and Magic: A sourcebook
349pp. Routledge and Kegan Paul. £25.
071020904 5
JAMES MCKINNON (Editor)
Music in Early Christian Liturgy
180pp. Cambridge University Press. £25.
052130497 0

Many bookshops have among their shelves a specialized, slightly suspect section labelled *Occult*: to which category *Music, Mysticism and Magic* would seem, on the evidence of its title, to be relegated. The evidence misleads, for the book is an anthology of what philosophers and theologians, as well as, or rather than, composers, have said throughout the ages about what music is and is for. The book is esoteric and hermetic only in so far as music, of its nature, is more abstract than the other arts: for whereas painting and sculpture, even when belonging to the genres described as abstract, to a degree imitate reality, and whereas literature effects acts of communication by way of signs similar to those we employ in normal speech, music is a semiological language – if language it be – that functions on its own terms. Its meanings are more basic than those of the other arts. Its imitative properties, to the extent that they exist in (say) the henniness of Rameau's *poule* or the cuckoldry of Beethoven's cuckoo, are superficial, even trivial; its essence lies in its relation to the science of number. This is why our progressive Western world, though it has tended to forget that all art is revelation as well as incarnation, has never totally denied the religious implications of music, an ultimate repository of truth.

Music, Mysticism and Magic is accurately described as a source-book, for it collates accounts of music's nature and function throughout the history and prehistory of the Western world, bringing in other (Oriental and African) cultures only in so far as they have directly impinged on Western thought and feeling. Unsurprisingly, the first section, headed "Classical", is less overtly concerned with music than with philosophy and cosmology; it embraces, however, concepts fundamental to the Western musical mind, from Plato's creation myth, through the descriptions of musical harmony in relation to embryology offered in the Corpus Hermeticum and Censorius, to Plotinus' concept of Universal Harmony. Pythagoras' complementary accounts of music as a revelation of divine order (scientifically in the Harmonic Series, religiously in the Eleusinian Mysteries) and as a guide to and moulder of human conduct, recur in sundry guises across the centuries; nor is there a radical change of front when, with Synesius, Martianus Capella and Boethius, the Classical merges into the Christian world. We would understand this better if Boethius had completed the musical sections of his immense treatise on the speculative mathematical sciences, but enough survives to illuminate the distinctions and also the interlinkings between *musica mundana* (the Music of the Spheres), *musica humana* (music uttered by human voices) and *musica instrumentalis* (music made through man-constructed instruments, using dead matter in the interests of spiritual life). The last-named category is possible but precarious, since matter always threatens with its materiality.

This view also pervades Judaic and Islamic mystical thought, which complements Classical sources in the legacy of Christian Europe. Joscelyn Godwin inserts a section from these writers before proceeding to the Middle Ages proper; and although the writings of Philo, Isaac Ben Solomon and the Brethren of Purity are often too strictly metaphysical to be apprehensible in terms of Western music, it would seem that angels, in or above whatever culture they spread their wings, sing in comparably dulcet tones and with the same respect for geometric principles: "None who reads the Apocalypses will doubt that the angels in the East also praise God by means of the discipline. There is no disparity between the one band and the other: the heavenly music of Rumi's Song of the Reed flute or his 'Remembrances of the Melodies

of Paradise', and on the other hand the Christian accounts of angelic music presented by Dionysius the Areopagite or the School of Chartres, not to mention individualized audible "visions" recounted by a Richard Rolle or Henry Suso.

For us, by far the most rewarding sections of the book are those covering Europe's Renaissance and post-Renaissance, for it was then that the modern world was painfully in labour and triumphantly born. Music as a revelatory science of number merges into a science of mind and understanding in the modern sense; or rather the new science becomes a means whereby supernatural elements in human experience may be, or may seem to be, partially under man's conscious control. In the treatises of Ficino, Cornelius Agrippa and Zarlino, the equilibrium between magic and mind, spiritual understanding and intellectual comprehension, intuitive improvisation and literate harmonic and tonal proportion is exact: all musical intervals have precise relationships to human intellect, sense and the autonomous functions of habit, for "human music is the harmony which may be known by any person who turns to contemplation of himself. It is that which mingles the incorporeal energy of reason with the body... that joins together the parts of the soul, and keeps the irrational part united with the rational." Half a century later, Johannes Kepler – one of the supreme minds of Europe – defined "the metaphysics of harmony" with a profundity still unrivalled. Most later theorists of music, such as Kircher and Werckmeister, owe much or nearly all to Kepler in discussing the interlacing of music's human with its cosmological and astrological connotations.

Significantly, it was at this time that great composers were most intimately in tune with the musical philosophers, as is evident from Dowland's Christianized Platonism based on the Orphic lute, or Bach's audibly numerical theology, often directly indebted to the mathematical and tonal speculations of Werckmeister. More peripheral composers, such as John Bull, had no less intimate affinities with more peripheral (though no less ambitious) cosmologists such as the Rosicrucian Robert Fludd, whose magical irrationality or nonsense is far from being a denial of experiential probity. Though Bull and Fludd may sometimes seem to us lunatic, they have a fundamental sanity that links them to Dowland and Zarlino, Bach and Kepler. Here indeed music is simultaneously revelation and incarnation.

During the Enlightenment and the Age of Romanticism the divine aspects of music became, as did the concept of genius, nearer allied to madness. True, Mozart's *Wunderkind* genius would seem musically to have operated in instantaneous "moments" of magic, whereby he became Europe's wisest musical humanist, who had no need to make overt reference to the Music of the Spheres – unless Talmio's flute and Papageno's bells may count as a Masonic transmutation of such. But for less Enlightened early romanticists such as Marazzi, Chateaubriand and Novalis, the Music of the Spheres, if no part of an accredited faith, is still a relevant notion – though to attain to such transcendence the artificial stimulus of drink or drugs may be necessary. (So was it, however, to the ancient shamans.) Even so, it is astonishing, and deeply moving, that the greatest of nineteenth-century composers, Beethoven, should speak – in his famous conversation with Bettina – of his *raptus* in terms exactly comparable with those of Kepler, using the scientific parlance of his day ("I am electrical by nature") in a manner we now know to be precisely accurate, though by normal mortals it was then imperfectly understood. Beethoven is giving a psychological and physiological reinterpretation to ancient truths: as, more superficially, was Kleist in his account of dissonance within the psyche and Schopenhauer in his Jungian view of music as the cosmic Will.

The mathematical-psychological integration of Beethoven's vastly complex *Missa Solemnis* indeed "passes understanding", being "out of this world", although apprehensible only within it. Beethoven, in discovering rather than inheriting faith, is unique; lesser men of the early nineteenth century, like Schumann, went mad, metamorphosing the Music of the Spheres into a remorseless, hammered

through the brain, while seeking desperate alleviation in synthetically mathematical contrivances like cryptograms. Wagner alone maintained, and on the whole justified, Beethovenian inspiration, though his Schopenhauerian Will seems, relative to Beethoven's, a mythically self-conscious rediscovery of the unconscious. This, in a sense a limitation, is also part of Wagner's status as "the beginning of modern music".

In the earlier sections of this compilation one may query this or the other selection of material; no two editors would come up with identical choices of what is representative or essential. None the less, each section contains substance enough to validate it, and one can have nothing but praise for the breadth of Godwin's learning, without which no ambitious project would have been conceivable. The final section on the twentieth century is, however, problematical, for it consists mainly of citations from mystical musical philosophers like Rudolf Steiner, Pierre-Jean Jouve and George Gurdjieff, who may be important if obfuscatingly verbose, but who weigh lightly when balanced by only two composers, one of them the minor and peripheral Cyril Scott. Admittedly, it makes a point that the book should end with Stockhausen who, as musician-scientist-priest, has been humanistically concerned with "music and the Centers of Man", "the Composer and the Spirit", and with an approach towards a "new" religious music which is also – as this book has demonstrated – as old as the hills. None the less, how much more persuasive the case would have been if Stockhausen's descent (or ascent?) from traditional Western music had been traced by way of his relationships to Schoenberg, Webern and Messiaen, all of whom directly affected him, and have made pronouncements about music's mathematical divinity. Schoenberg, climax to moribund Europe's post-Wagnerian expressionism, sought salvation in the mathematical permutations of 12 and 7 in his apotheosis of Western man, "lunatically" dis-

guised as Pierrot who yearns for the magical moon. Webern reinstated philosophical mathematics as rigidly as a medieval composer, stating that "the row is God's will". Messiaen annealed Western harmonic tensions in the metrically pre-ordained order of *Oriental tal, maqam* or *pater*. Musically, there is no break in magical continuity from the nineteenth into the twentieth century; Schoenberg even contrived to die on his astrologically appointed day.

Godwin misses a (divinely) golden opportunity in failing to demonstrate how John Cage's notorious silent piece (on the philosophy of which the composer has discoursed) fulfils the kabbalistic prognosis that the ultimate end of music is silence, when matter, inherent even in the human voice as well as in man-made instruments, dissolves away, and the external melody "resounds in the interior of man". In this context it is hardly surprising that the Fathers of the early Christian Church seem to have preferred silence to music – on the evidence of *Music in Early Christian Liturgy*, an anthology compiled by James McKinnon, and moving from New Testament times to around an AD 450. This is a book to be grateful for, since the extracts are intelligently selected and helpfully commented on, while the new translations are as lucid as may be expected with such opaque writings. The book goes some way to sorting out the ambiguous, enigmatic, often contradictory accounts of changing relationships between liturgy that was spoken, chanted, sung and instrumentally accompanied. Despite the associations of string instruments with divine order by way of Pythagorean tuning, the paranoid hatred and fear of "pagan" instruments manifest over several centuries boggles the would-be rational mind. On the whole the book leaves one (or at least it leaves this reviewer) depressedly aware that the Christian God indeed works in a mysterious way, though whether he performs wonders remains a moot – as well as ideologically a mute – point.

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done at home). Among much else, he glosses Bennett's enigmatic last words on his death-bed ("The bill, the bill!") in a way savagely critical of Dorothy. According to Swinnerton, what poor Bennett was communicating was his desire to cut Dorothy loose, by paying whatever sum she wanted to leave him to die in peace.

With all these as preliminary bouts one turns with eagerness to Hepburn's new evidence and the expert interpretations he brings to it. If anything, he seems favourable to Marguerite, emphasizing the real sexual satisfaction the younger woman was able to bring Bennett in the early years of the marriage, an excitement which evidently remained to the end, despite all vexations. Hepburn points by contrast to a rather sad aside in a later letter to Dorothy, complaining at her Anglo-Saxon pruderies:

I imagine you in all sorts of responsive and acquiescent states, and in all sorts of states of attire, and abandoning yourself to all those pleasures which you really desire but which something in you inhibits you from appearing to desire.

Hepburn also plays down the supposed graspingness of Marguerite, which he evidently sees for what it was, a symptom of the pain and humiliation she felt on being cast out.

Without going quite as far as Swinnerton, Hepburn comes down strongly against Dorothy. And on the last two pages of this volume he gives the dignity of print to what he (rather inadequately) calls "extraordinary tales about her that circulated for many years":

One of them was that she was sexually involved with Richard [Bennett; the author's nephew] and was caught with him even as Bennett lay dying, another that she was directly and consciously responsible for Bennett's death. Swinnerton rejects the first and accepts the second metaphorically. On the second matter he records two details. He himself stood with Dorothy in the room where Bennett lay and he saw

her suddenly observe a ring on the little finger of Bennett's left hand. "To my horror," he says, "she moved quickly across the room, wrenched the ring from his finger, and said, 'I'm sure he'd wish me to have this.'" Some minutes later, at her request he went up to H. G. Wells's flat to ask Wells to come down to see her. He found Wells in tears. "He almost screamed 'No I won't! She's a bitch; and she killed Arnold!'"

Taken in context with the first words of the first volume ("I am particularly grateful to Mrs Dorothy Bennett for her helpfulness and forbearance in the selecting of letters") these are indeed extraordinary stories to finish with. And one perceives no indication of editorial dissension. But Hepburn has more. The final entry in the fourth volume is a transcribed letter on Bennett's death from one sister, Fanny Gertrude, to another, Tertie. It concludes with a summary of medical causes: "The acute inflammation of gall bladder was the seat of infection and responsible for relapse and reinfection. Meaning Dorothy". Again there is no editorial dissension from this blunt accusation and one assumes that Hepburn tacitly concurs. It is a sensational ending.

In his account of Volume Three of the *Letters* (September 11, 1970) the anonymous TLS reviewer praised Hepburn's edition as a "model for such enterprises". I don't agree with that compliment, if only because I think that as an editor Hepburn has had quite abnormal demands made upon him. I don't think this is a model of scholarly editorship so much as a supreme triumph of editorial will and fair-mindedness: over persistent mendacity, over abundant but lop-sided primary material and possibly (I suspect) bloody-mindedness on the part of various copyright holders. James Hepburn has, in my view, succeeded magnificently in what must have been one of the more arduous tasks required of a modern scholar.

Showing willing

Rosalie Mander

JAN MARSH
Jane and May Morris: A biographical story 1839-1938
328pp. Pandora. £12.95.
0863581137
PETER FAULKNER (Editor)
Jane Morris to Wilfrid Scawen Blunt: Letters, with extracts from Blunt's diaries
133pp. Exeter University Press. £15.
0859892239

It has always been a mystery how Jane Burden spent the two years between meeting the young artists working on the Oxford Union murals and her marriage, in 1859, to William Morris, who was one of them. It is generally agreed that the "stunner", a groom's daughter, spent it in being educated: as Jan Marsh puts it in *Jane and May Morris*, "given a crash course in middle-class manners, sent to some kind of ladies seminary or finishing academy". Isn't it possible (a suggestion not previously put forward) that she went to live with Mrs McLaren, the wife of the fencing master Alexander McLaren, who owned a gymnasium? "Fencing master" calls up some picture of a rough ex-sergeant-major, but McLaren and his wife were highly educated and accepted socially. He commissioned Burne-Jones, whom he knew as an undergraduate, to illustrate his book of fairy stories and fairy lore, but after Burne-Jones came under Pre-Raphaelite influence he was ashamed of the drawings and only allowed three to be published (anonymously). Mrs McLaren was accustomed to coaching boys (the son of Thomas Hughes among them) and in due course founded Summerfield Pre-

paratory School. Janey was receptive; in later life she eschewed the novels that Mrs Rossetti sent to Kelmscott Manor for something more serious, and was quite able to fit in when staying at Naworth Castle.

She belied her amazing looks in many ways. Though stately she was not stiff, but had a good sense of humour, as her daughter May bore witness: there is a letter which records how she and Rossetti were once turned out of a séance for giggling. It was when she was bored that she withdrew. She is so often accepted as a "dark silent medieval woman" because Henry James found her on a sofa with medieval toothache, but is it not possible that she didn't want to bother with him? Similarly with Bernard Shaw, who called her "the silentest woman I ever knew" (how many ever got a word in anyway?), he had only seen her enduring the young Fabians who came to Sunday dinner at Kelmscott - where for him she did produce her famous remark: "Will you give me some pudding? There is suet in it."

It is through the images of her created by Morris and Rossetti that we know her, but to look at her for herself she is really completely uninteresting. The one event of her life in which she came into her own, fortunately not too late for her, was her meeting Wilfrid Scawen Blunt when she was forty. It was commonplace enough for a woman to fall in love with an Arabist, horseman and rebel, but Blunt made the most of his weeks in Dublin and knew he still looked handsome in prison clothes, wearing the cap at a rakish angle, he was a philanderer of some skill. Blunt first sought out Janey because he wanted to know more about Rossetti, whose poetry he greatly admired. When he found she had other ideas he was not the man to hold back. Clearly for the first time Janey enjoyed sexual experience; Morris had been uninterested and Rossetti incompetent. When they found themselves under the same roof together she would leave pangs in his room to indicate her willingness.

Alas for Rossetti that no pangs blossomed in Cheyne Walk. Janey would come there from Kelmscott House, further up the Embankment, and consent to pose for a little in the studio at the back, or else retire to the first-floor room with its four large windows facing south over the river (the house was never the gloomy mansion of present-day imaginings), to sit in the wicker armchair that suited her back, incongruous though it looked among Rossetti's antique bric-a-brac, the Sheraton chairs and Utrecht velvet cloths. The last word on Janey might well be that of Mrs Angeli, daughter of William Michael Rossetti, when the revised letters first came free: "I don't think she was much good to either of them."

Dr Marsh gives useful accounts of the work and the personalities involved in the Arts and Crafts movement, centred on May Morris. She was primarily a very talented embroiderer, though she designed silverware and jewellery also, and started a small class for the village in the old washhouse at Kelmscott Manor. She got the architect Ernest Gimson to prepare plans for a hall to commemorate her father and had several cottages built in the village. During Morris's lifetime she had been in charge of the embroidery department of his firm, and when on her own at Kelmscott took an active part in the general promotion of the work. She started the Women's Guild of Arts and accepted the office of adviser to the Embroidery Council of the London School of Arts and Crafts. May also consented to go on a tour of the United States, which, surprisingly perhaps, she greatly enjoyed. Marsh quotes from her letter to Emery Walker her enthusiasm for New York: "The glitter and movement of the streets is amusing, the air is invigorating... the shops are seen fit by us as so strangely vivid and varied." The high-water mark of success for the handicrafts was the Paris Exposition of 1904. Here was exhibited the altar cloth that Philip Webb designed for the chapel in Cheltenham, which Morris's sister Isabella Gimson purchased. Webb declared there was no one else who could do it so well.

The letters between Janey and Blunt were first made public in a lecture by Peter Faulkner in 1980 and were printed in a small booklet by the Morris Society. He has now made them generally available in *Jane Morris*, which is an admirable introduction and full volume.

almost entirely in the light of his own memoirs and in that of his friends, Malcolm Muggeridge - of whom Hunter has written less scrupulously - and Hugh Kingsmill.

Much of the material here is available in Richard Ingram's *God's Apology*, a better organized celebration of the English bookman in the days before the academics put the footnote into biography and took much of the pleasure out of it. Compare the following passages, the first from *God's Apology*, the second from *Nothing to Repent*, describing how Kingsmill and Pearson, on their Hebridean wandering in the footsteps of Dr Johnson, have come on "one of the world's leading bores":

Captain Redmayne then returned with his press cuttings... Shortly after leaving Oxford... he was a radical... "Measles. We all have to have it for a County Clare constituency... On the English and Scottish side he was related to the Countess of Oxford and the Duchess of Rutland. Later he was asked by the Durham miners... to stand in the labour interest... Curious, he said with a smile, that he should have boxed the compass in this way... The Captain's harangue was too much for Kingsmill; and when Pearson removing his pipe ejaculated, "All three parties. God bless my soul. Capital!" he rose... and hurried upstairs.

The Captain, having returned with a file of press cuttings about himself, settled to a monologue to which Pearson made the occasional polite interjection of "Ha" and "Do say" and "Indeed". The contrast between his friend's prediction (of boredom) and this ostensible show of interest was straining Kingsmill's patience. When Pearson, removing his pipe, affirmed: "All three parties. God bless my soul. Capital!" it was more than Kingsmill could bear.

This mutilation may be rather more than a reader cares to bear, since the point of the latter passage is lost without knowledge of the former. Professor Hunter has filleted his sources and dispensed with the flesh. When preparing anecdotes, it is worth recalling the root meaning of the term, which implies something not previously published.

Hesketh Pearson Bernard Shaw. 320pp. Allen and Unwin. Paperback. £7.95. 0 04 928072 4.
Conan Doyle. 195pp. Allen and Unwin. Paperback. £6.95. 0 04 928071 6.
A Life of Shakespeare. 230pp. Hamish Hamilton. Paperback. £7.95. 0 241 12006 3.
Walter Scott: His Life and Personality. 295pp. Hamish Hamilton. Paperback. £7.95. 0 241 12005 5.

Confident uncertainties

Frederic Raphael

IAN HUNTER
Nothing to Repent: The life of Hesketh Pearson
211pp. Hamish Hamilton. £14.95.
0241 11993 6

The charm of Hesketh Pearson, as a biographer, lay in his modesty. He never aimed to throw a bigger shadow than his subjects; he did not seek to make their lives illustrative of some moral or political thesis. He enjoyed them. Tolerance was his mark, as a writer if not as a man. He was, he said, "English through and through, insular, irascible, inhibited, iconoclastic, intelligent, ignorant and individualistic". He might have said "egotistical", if the alliteration has been available. If he never advanced himself as a literary star, he had the necessary vanity of the actor and the pushiness of an author who did not fail to promote his books whenever and however he could. He was also a ladies' man, whatever his inhibitions, with fierce desires and somewhat shameful attitudes. His letter to Dorothy Kingsmill, when she had written to defend her husband against Pearson's rage at a failure to puff his latest book in *Punch*, where Kingsmill was literary editor, sounds like a feminist's parody: "now be a good girl; and tend to your clothes and your cooking; and in future do not meddle with things you cannot understand". Kingsmill forgave his chum; others might have been less indulgent. Nor is it easy wholly to warm to a man who speaks of his love affairs only to say, of most of them, that he had no more interest in them "than for other less romantic forms of evacuation".

Hesketh Pearson was born in 1887, into what he called "the squarson class". He was a gentleman, but he was scarcely landed. Neither poor nor rich, he had dilettante attitudes without the means to indulge them. He had the confident uncertainties of the born impersonator and became first an actor and then - perfect casting - a biographer, for whom there were no awkward props to drop and no appalling lines to mouth. An early infatuation, in the manliest sense, with Frank Harris and with Oscar Wilde - both of whose sexual activities were, in his studies of them, muted for the literary market -

inspired him to the tactful vindication of flamboyance and outrageousness. Pearson himself veered between the conventional and the reckless. He advised others to caution, but could be self-destructively incautious himself. When asked in the witness box, by Sir Henry Curtis-Bennett, why he had kept up the "pose" that Sir Rendell Rodd had written his book of spoof diplomatic memoirs, *The Whispering Gallery*, long after it was clearly exposed, he replied, "Because I was mad." The jury was delighted by his candour and - against all the odds - he was acquitted of obtaining money fraudulently from his publishers, who had been frightened into betraying him, though they were well aware of the circumstances. English justice was seldom more English, or more just.

Pearson married a woman whom he had impregnated, but he ceased to sleep with Gladys after the birth of the consequent son, Henry, who was killed in the Spanish Civil War, following a violent breach with his father occasioned by the boy's undergraduate assertion that Shakespeare would have been a better writer if he had read *Das Kapital*. For Pearson the one was beyond improvement and the other unreadable, even when work on Bernard Shaw's biography might have required its study. Pearson is alleged to have done the reading for, and written half of, the Shaw between autumn and Christmas 1939. This suggests a capacity for literary and historical digestion of a rare order. His methods certainly produced palatable work, as the latest paperback reissues (see below) prove (though his *Bernard Shaw* is too winsome by three quarters). Only André Maurois is his equal, perhaps his superior, in affectionate and well-researched popularization, no mean art.

Ian Hunter adopts a rather similar style in his biography. But he yields a little too snugly to sentimentality. After Pearson has proved notably callous over the death of an Arab, knocked down by accident in Baghdad during the First World War, Professor Hunter remarks: "Three years of desert warfare, years of heat, disease and death, had corroded his sensibilities." This is prosaic basking, not character analysis. And if Hunter is nimble among the published sources, it is hard to excuse a failure to resolve the "mystery" of how Pearson came to be given the M.C.B., for instance, checking the citation. As it is, Hesketh is been

Paratime regained

Colin Greenland

JAMES MORROW
This Is the Way the World Ends
319pp. Gollancz. £10.95.
0 575 03972 8
FREDERICK POHL
The Coming of the Quantum Cats
243pp. Gollancz. £9.95.
0 575 04016 5

These days, dominated by the dreams of America - its armed anxieties, its narcissistic nationalism - and aiming for a broader mass-market simplicity than ever, science fiction seems to be consolidating into didacticism and reassurance, crystallizing into fable. The disintegratory innovations and formal experiments of the 1960s have been left far behind; except where they have been calcified into new bodies of technique. *This Is the Way the World Ends* would not have been possible without the work of Kurt Vonnegut.

James Morrow is a writer whose fabulation is conscious and sophisticated. He tells a tale of global nuclear devastation from which six men are rescued and taken, by palatial submarine, to stand trial for this last crime of the human race before an international tribunal of the

Unadmitted. These are the people who would have been born if their parents had not been killed in the war; so great was their anger that they forced themselves into the world, in bodies gestated out of the Antarctic ice, each with a year to live at the prime of their hypothetical career. Black blood runs in their veins.

The six defendants are all white Americans, exemplifying the régime that loosed the bombs rather than the species as a whole. Four are directly concerned with nuclear weapons or policies; a fifth is a right-wing evangelist, advocate of a militaristic Christianity. The sixth, the central figure of the book, representing the common man, is George Paxton, a monumental mason.

The obliquity, the calculated bathos of this detail, at once absurd and symbolic, sentimental and grim, is the key to Morrow's method, signifying what he has learned from the Vonnegut of *Cat's Cradle* and *Slaughterhouse-Five*. Here is all the mannered casualness, the ironic relation of armageddon through trivia, and the flirtation with anti-narrative, by pre-empting the plot in a framing lecture by Nostradamus (with slides by Leonardo da Vinci). Stylistic richness is achieved by over-sailing every term with emphasis. When Paxton thinks of his lost infant daughter, "the hallucinated sound of her

oooooh's and ahhhhh's was like a jagged bronze bell implanted in his skull".

After a first half of such ruthlessly emotive matter, the book gains considerably in substance and steadiness from Morrow's display at the trial itself of careful research into the lunatic subtleties of the nuclear debate. More effective than anything on the noisy and colourful surface is the way he contrives to sustain the promise of a magical thirteenth-hour reprieve, and then refuses to deliver: challenging, by activating it, our habit of hope, both as readers and as subjects of the nuclear age.

Hope is not excluded but celebrated and rewarded by the element of fable in *The Coming of the Quantum Cats*, from page 204 onwards. Before that the plot is made up of mysteries and martial machinations predicated on the multiverse hypothesis of quantum physics. The principle that there are an infinite number of equivalent but separate realities generated by each decisive moment in the history of the universe is nothing new in SF. It has been exploited for exotic drama by Jack Williamson and Harry Harrison, among others; and it unfolds, so far as anything could be said to, the entire sprawling oeuvre of Michael Moorcock. Here, Frederick Pohl gently rehearses some of the incongruities that proliferate when a denizen of one "paratime" visits another and dis-

covers the self they might have become: Dominic De Sota the estate agent meets Dominic De Sota the senator; the major, the physicist.

Despite introducing an America where Nancy Reagan is President, and another where Jerry Brown is, it is not Pohl's skill as a social satirist that is being exercised on this outing. The point is that Major De Sota is leading an invasion of Senator De Sota's America, which is allied with Russia, as a transdimensional bypass for a secret attack on the hated Russia of his own world. Other realities become involved because penetration between paratimes triggers unpredictable oscillations: people and things popping in and out of existence with disastrous consequences.

There being no brake on this escalation, Pohl ultimately produces a sane and rational race from a paratime so advanced they know how to pull out the plug. On page 204 they ship all those responsible and their displaced victims away, not to stand trial but to populate a deserted paratime, where they all decide to be good and build utopia out of sheer relief. In an infinite multiverse, the existence of kind faeries is only logical, indeed inevitable; but they are conspicuously absent from our world, towards whose end we proceed unhindered, according to James Morrow, even by the rage of our descendants.

Getting involved

Antony Beevor

RICHARD APPIGNANESI
Destroying America: Italia Perversa, part three
315pp. Quartet. £9.95.
070432509 8

Destroying America is the final slab of Richard Appignanesi's "Italia Perversa" trilogy; in a way, the tombstone. One puts down the book with a sigh of relief at having nothing more to do with his unattractive cast. The term "characters" would be inaccurate, since his labyrinthine, politico-freudian puppet-show lacks humanity in almost every sense; the story cannot bear the weight of its intellectual pretensions.

The central figure, Piero Orson, alias Orsini, alias Ossafinghi, is a psychiatric theorist as well as part-time Québécois urban guerrilla. In this volume, his background is finally revealed. His childhood was eventful, to say the least. An infant prodigy as a pianist, he dresses up one day (aged thirteen) in his aunt's clothes, and shoots his uncle on the stairs. His uncle, only wounded, sends him to a Catholic reformatory and there a priest smashes his fingers to make sure that he never plays again.

A great deal of space is devoted to Piero's ancestry, but to follow all the ramifications requires excessive concentration. It helps to assume that more or less everybody has been

sexually involved with everybody else, as often as not in a brutal or distasteful fashion; if they are closely related, it is virtually certain.

A radical answer to *Dynasty* may well have been part of the author's plan, since the "America" of the title refers to the international pervasiveness of Coca Cola culture. Yet the book (begun, we are told, in 1967) has a very dated feel, with its discursions and random quotations, shameless over-writing and self-indulgent streams-of-consciousness. The flashes of brilliance are much rarer than in the earlier volumes, and although Appignanesi's disregard, almost contempt, for his reader can at moments command a disbelieving admiration, it usually exasperates.

Even after three volumes, it is difficult to work out exactly what effects the author finally intended. One or two themes are extremely interesting - the idea, for example, of Marxism's Oedipal relationship with religion, particularly Catholicism. The development of Victor Serge's ideas on "the mechanism of history" in the second volume was tantalizing. But the promising threads soon run out, and we are left wondering whether the trilogy is trying to be the *Buddenbrooks* of the left or merely the swan-song of western, middle-class revolutionaries, now an endangered species. The author's leitmotif - "sometimes a funeral is a beginning" - contains a wishful hint that God, the revolutionary Son, will rise again. If he turns out to be like Piero and his companions, the prospect is unappealing.

Thinking thin

Robin Rusher

M. J. FITZGERALD
Connection
126pp. Picador. £8.95.
0 330 29905 0

The eponymous instrument in M. J. Fitzgerald's first novel is the "concertina in time, of the clashing of plaintive sounds as past, present and future meshed into end and beginning". The "clashing of plaintive sounds" weaves a life story: from Corioli's memories and reflections, the fore and hindsight of her consciousness at different ages, from earliest childhood to death-bed.

It is an analytic novel, in both the common and the psycho-sense. The insistent "why's" and "what if's" of earlier phases of Corioli's life yield, often in mid-sentence, to more reflective versions of events seen from her seventy-fifth year. Sexuality and anorexia are two of the main experiences of the novel, and so interpenetrating that her first taste of food after deciding to eat again gives her an orgasm.

M. J. Fitzgerald's prose continually escapes realism for the freer flights of subjectivity. Sense often crumples altogether, leaving confusion and uncertainty: the details of history collapse in the hazy memories of the very old, the dense mesh of interconnection, incident and coincidence leaving the reader as disoriented as the dying seventy-five-year-old musing on it all. The slipperiness of words and the difference between words and the reality they hint at is as much the theme of the book as Corioli's life; unfortunately, the mannered delicacy of touch sits rather uneasily on the fragments of a plot that makes *Dallas* seem tepid.

Another story about a woman's life that takes a quite different approach comes to mind: Flaubert's "Un Cœur Simple", written when positivism still ruled, presents a much simpler life but also, through detail and distance, asserts the unknowability of another. Fitzgerald's novel provides its own clue to her approach to this cold paradox:

Corioli at seventy five laughed in her sleep, knowing one word was, after all enough, and that the search through subtlety was doomed to failure. But nonetheless necessary.

she not only refuses to choose, but is amazed that anyone should consider such a choice relevant to her aspirations. In Aiken there are genuinely pathetic and poignant moments, where in Heyer incidents rarely have any lasting impact save as facilitators of plot; this means that there are always emotional loose ends in Aiken's historical romances, where Heyer was able to achieve something more closely approximating perfection of form.

Aiken does not have the same capacity for quietly lunatic invention as her predecessor; her moments of fun produce a smile, where Heyer's often make it a stage or two further. In *Deception*, then, the aspiring and impoverished American novelist Alvey is prevailed upon by her priggish school-mate and double Louise to take her place as dutiful daughter while Louise goes off to convert the heathen. Alvey finds herself in a household with more than its fair ration of problems - acribic, dying grandmother, vapid gardening mother, crippled and alienated older son, epileptic and secretly Mithras-worshipping younger one, slimy vicar and mysteriously drowned bastard. Being, as she is, an effective heroine in this sort of book, Alvey takes charge of those things she can manage to intervene effectively in; but, since this is a novel by Joan Aiken in the 1970s rather than Georgette Heyer in the 1950s, her field of action and the chances of success are limited. Besides, Alvey has her novel to finish; there is never a sense that she or her author are playing the game through to the end for its own sake alone.

Dutiful daughters

Roz Kaveney

JOAN AIKEN
Deception
288pp. Gollancz. £10.95.
0 575 04026 5

In the novels of Joan Aiken we inhabit the same never-never-land version of a world that really existed as in those of Georgette Heyer. In the work of both, we find long coach rides, letters mislaid and false identities adopted; we find large and eccentric families, played for laughs that are unmixed with the bitter irony of Jane Austen, the author both Aiken and Heyer imitate to the degree that happens to suit them and in whose Regency world their novels are, for the most part, set. We find the choice of lovers from a variety of suitors played for sensation, rather than, as in Austen, figuring the bonds which sustain society. Both have combined motifs from watered-down Gothic with "respectable" narrative elements from literary high comedy to produce something that is clearly a genre - even if they are the only practitioners of it.

But there are important differences as well. Heyer simply wrote before the rise of feminism in the 1970s and 80s, and the daydreams she created necessarily involved charismatic heroes as well as flighty and witty heroines. The message of Aiken's *Deception* is offered that starkly: a choice between the handsome but treacherous man and the dull and reliable one;

Self-portrait with a Slide by HUGO WILLIAMS

Assembled with me on the long slide
are breakfast, lunch and tea,
their preparation and consumption by me
and the washing up afterwards
stacked and waiting in the sink.
I have to go down the slide, balancing a tray
both full and empty, hot and cold,
looking both hungry and satisfied,
bored, excited and tired. I stand at the top
in pyjamas and dressing gown.
I mustn't forget my mat.

Mornings are dizzying, looking over the edge
at a stub of pencil
lying on the breakfast table
after I have cleared away the things.
I have been standing on the landing until now,
indicating my face
with a slack index finger,
not wanting to hurt myself going down.
The monitor taps me on the shoulder: time to go.
I rise to my toes
and throw off my dressing gown.
I raise one hand in the air.
Pieces of coastline and sky
are dragged across my sight
as I swerve to avoid the bathroom.
We're off, I suppose,
if a wave of homesickness is anything to go by.

Now the long slope of the day
pitches forward slightly,
causing me to stumble.
Papers and books pile up behind my back,
anxious to pass me and get on.
Washing tangles my feet.
The sofa, the horse ride, the supermarket
nudge and buffet one another,
lurching to one side.
I come out of a spiral
clinging to the handrail for my life.
I overtake my stereo, stuck in the last groove
of *Lift to the Scaffold*.

My eyes are cast down
as if from modesty or embarrassment.
My half-closed hands
lie on the table in front of me
where I can see them. From the way I am sitting
staring at a sheet of paper,
something would seem to be the matter.
Perhaps I am ill?
Or the temperature of my pen won't come down?
I lean over myself
with a concerned expression on my face,
as if I am visiting.
I think of something kind to say.
How am I feeling today?
What would I like to eat?
My pen moves jerkily over the paper
for a moment, like the needle of an instrument
for recording brain-life.
From the other side of the street
I look like someone writing.

I've changed a lot in the last five minutes.
I'm not here most of the time.
I'm over here behind the door.
I'm willing to turn a blind eye

to some of the things I do,
but I like to know where I am
in case I have to go out.
It's sad to see me going so far away all alone,
but I have my permission to come back
whenever I like
and start again.
I can't remember where I was.
I forgot to mark my place.

Is the stub of pencil where I left it,
arrested in mid-flight?
If I lean out,
I can touch it with my finger as I pass.
I can't get hold of it.
One false move
and it drifts out of reach
behind the breakfast tray, vibrating uselessly.
If I could nudge it into the upright position
I might feel able
to describe the kind of grip
that would hold it still for a moment
while I concentrate.
My eyelids droop
and I have a more interesting experience
for a few seconds, working in plasticine.

Now everything is slipping through my fingers
into the next-door room
where I am trying not to slide down to the kitchen
for a bite to eat.
Can you feel the wind brushing my face
as I shoot across the kitchen into the hall?
My hair flies out behind me,
making me look free,
but I am in the street, alas,
wasting time shopping. I dig in my heels
and my hair flies forward in my eyes. Dogs bark
as I peer into my house while I am out.

I thought I had found a way down
through the system of snacks and mood changes
that constitutes an average day
on the slide,
but I have lost my footing
in the loose hours before tea.
I veer from side to side.
I throw my tray in the air.
So much rubble has broken loose
since this morning began so promisingly
with a friendly push from behind
that I scramble on all fours
across an escarpment of coffee cups.
I lose my way in the dark.

Is this The End coming up to meet me
waving excitedly? I reach out my hand
to touch the patch of sunlight or yellow lichen
on the bedroom window-sill –
shadowy patches of fungus,
or the yellow primer showing through?
It's hard to tell
when the pencil hovers in mid-air
leaving only a blur.
I thought I had reached ground level
and could shake the Champagne bottle
to a celebratory fizz,
but this looks like the start of something new.
The monitor gives me a push and down I go,
uttering involuntary cries.

Letters

The Advancement of Science

Sir, – As translator (into French) of some of Gerald Holton's essays, and as a student of his work, I was somewhat dismayed by Brian Pippard's review of Professor Holton's *The Advancement of Science, and Its Burdens*, in your issue of July 17. How uninformatively dismissive can one get? In an article two-thirds of a page long, appearing some nine months after the event, Sir Brian manages not to mention a single one of the main issues informing the book, and Holton's work at large: we are to be content with the notion that it "departs considerably" from the Popperian vulgate, thus affording prospects of, and "material for, leisurely and enjoyable discussion" – in private, obviously (*Nicht vor den Kindern*)?

The rest of the review is devoted to: scoring off poor copy-preparation and/or proof-reading (indeed, "electron paramagnetic resonance" has nothing whatever to do with the Einstein-Podolsky-Rosen (EPR) paradox, p163; but then, "Schlipp" is a poor substitute for "Schlipp", p53 – and so on: fair enough, as far as this goes); querying the coupling, in one study, of Heisenberg and Oppenheimer (thus conclusively missing the point of that chapter, which was to contrast national "styles" in making science, by looking at two emblematic figures); being irked by the word "despair", rather than "desperation" (while allowing that "despair" is "apparently [*sic*] used by many scientists"); and telling Holton to stop looking at the "Everest-climbers", and get on with the "humbler achievements" – such as suggesting a miracle formula which would wrest presidential advisers and educationalists out of their slumbers, as he, Pippard, then modestly shows us how to achieve.

At the end of it all, we are none the wiser as to what Holton actually says – on Einstein, in particular ("nearly half of the book"; but then, this is merely "the author's professional interest"), on the role of imagination in science, on the emergence (and conflict) of scientific world-views, on Holton's concept of themata as recurring features in scientific debates and theories of a quasi-aesthetic nature; and we are left guessing at Holton's own ("humbler") role as an educationalist, in the mainstream of the Harvard General Education programme, and as to how his ideas have helped generations of students, at university or high-school level, in the United States and elsewhere, who have used Holton's textbooks – or, indeed, how his ideas have had an impact on the policy-making establishment, via the report, *A Nation at Risk*, on the state of American education, in which he had a (recognizable) hand.

On a deeper level, fundamental issues of method are left to the connoisseurs (eg, the use

of "case studies", and the appearance of fragmentation it can produce, by exploring "in depth" the evolution of one distinctive individual, in his actual historic predicament, rather than drawing up the systematic panoramas of a period, or following up one "problem" – or one notion – from its inception to its demise, or resolution); the deliberate concentration on the "uncommon men" (those who *make* science) rather than on the scientific community (those who *do* science), with its self-conscious element of myth-making (and unmaking), is glossed over (or dismissed out of hand), as is the explicit reference to cognitive psychology. The entire philosophical thrust of Holton's work, in a word, is lacking – not to mention a sense of the many different perspectives he manages to bring together, in his study of the history of science.

Brian Pippard's comments may pass muster at High Table; to publish them as they stand is, in effect, to disenfranchise the intelligent layman at whom a TLS review should be aimed. One could do worse than to ponder on the appearance, in Gerald Holton's book, of two of the most powerful legends of modern times: that of Dr Faustus, and that of the Golem. One could do worse: Brian Pippard, for one, leaves them out of his account altogether.

JEAN-FRANÇOIS ROBERTS.
39 rue d'Alsace, 92110 Clichy, France.

Charles Darwin

Sir, – In her letter of July 3 Fabienne Smith states that the view which holds that Charles Darwin's illness was psychosomatic in origin "is not based on any serious examination of his medical history", and that the real cause of Darwin's illness was that he was "an allergic" who "had a malfunctioning immune system". These are statements which ignore practically everything that is known about Darwin's illness.

My book, *To Be An Invalid: The illness of Charles Darwin* (University of Chicago Press, 1977), is I believe the most detailed and comprehensive account of the subject, and is cited in Volumes One and Two of *The Correspondence of Charles Darwin* (Volume Two was reviewed in the TLS on June 12). In my book I show that, while Darwin's symptoms varied, the symptom which most incapacitated him was what he called "periodical vomiting" (*Correspondence*, 2, 270), and that this became especially severe in 1839–41, 1848–9 and 1863–5. During these times he experienced constant anxieties over his transmutation theory and over the failure of his theory about the origin of the parallel roads of Glen Roy, and successive anxieties over the sufferings of his wife during her ten pregnancies, the death of his father, and the illness of

some of his children; and he frequently mentioned how his work upset his stomach. His upset stomach could have been functional, or caused by an ulcer (undiagnosed in Victorian times) which was then exacerbated by anxieties. The history of his "periodical vomiting" is much more typical of a psychosomatic than an "allergic" illness. In the latter instance one would expect changes in living conditions or in diet, whereas with Darwin these remained constant. During the last decade of his life, when he withdrew from scientific controversy, and when his family life was relatively quiet, Darwin's "periodical vomiting" ceased.

Mrs Smith bases the case for allergic illness on three points. First, in Chile, during October 1834, Darwin experienced an episode of illness which she diagnoses as an allergic collapse, caused by "great physical over-exertion and a highly allergenic diet on his pampus trips (literally nothing but beef and maté)", and an excess of calomel. But in March 1835 Darwin again went on strenuous pampus trips, and (presumably) again ate beef and maté and took calomel, and suffered no ill-effects. The October 1834 illness appears to have been a fever which affected "every secretion" of Darwin's body. It has been suggested that it was typhus, which was then endemic in Chile. Surely the possibility of an infectious illness should have been mentioned, along with that of an allergic illness.

Second, Smith states, "Darwin had eczema, a strong allergy clue". Eczema, of course, can have many causes, and Darwin never really defines what he means when he uses the term "eczema". Only once do we get a picture of Darwin's eczema from the recollections of his friend Hooker. Hooker recalls that during the mid-1840s Darwin would talk to him about the controversial transmutation theory. After this talk Darwin would, in the words of Hooker, suffer "an attack of violent eczema in the head during which he was hardly recognizable". Then he would recover, and happily talk to Hooker about non-controversial topics, without any mishap. Certainly, in these instances, Darwin's eczema appears to have had psychosomatic origins.

Third, Smith claims that "Darwin's family medical history also shows a strong allergy pattern". In *To Be An Invalid* (pp117–22), I summarize what is known about this topic, emphasizing that Darwin's particular symptoms appeared to be unique. Rereading these pages I do not see any particular allergy pattern.

Darwin, of course, may have had particular allergies. Just before going on the Beagle he wrote his sister Susan: "my hands are not quite well – & I have always observed, that if I once get them well & change my manner of living about same time they will generally remain well" (*Correspondence* 1, 143). This is suggestive of an allergic condition. But there is no further reference to his hands in his letters. In *To Be An Invalid* I suggested (p142) that he may have suffered from allergies, or from toxic reactions, to the many different drugs that he took. However, there is no actual evidence for this.

The diagnosis of Darwin's illness will always be uncertain because today's precise methods of diagnosis did not exist in Victorian times. The best that can be done is to assemble all the evidence and then suggest which cause – among many possible causes – seems most likely. This has led me to postulate that Darwin's illness was largely caused by the psychic stresses I have mentioned. In order to establish a diagnosis of an "allergic" illness more evidence should be presented.

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Vernon Watkins

Sir, – In his review of Vernon Watkins's *Collected Poems* (July 3) Andrew Motion attributes the phrase "deep, but dazzling darkness" to Kathleen Raine, without observing that it is originally Henry Vaughan's:

There is in God (some say)
A deep, but dazzling darkness
("The Night", 11.49–50)

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Browning Translations

Sir, – Daniel Karlin and John Woolford are right to distrust the attribution to Browning, in the Penguin edition by John Pettigrew and Thomas J. Collins, of ten brief translations from Anacreon (Letters, July 17); but they are not the first to do so. The attribution has been authoritatively dismissed by the leading authority on Browning's letters and MSS, Phillip Kelley, in *The Browning Collections: A reconstruction*, by Phillip Kelley and Betty A. Coley (1984).

Some years ago Karlin and Woolford accepted as Browning's an interesting fragment, "Aeschylus Soliloquy", of which they published an annotated transcript in *Browning Society Notes* for August 1978. This common attribution was likewise accepted by Pettigrew and Collins. In fact, however, the author of this piece was again Elizabeth Barrett. As Kelley and Coley point out, a draft of it occurs in a notebook of hers, now in the Huntington Library, which also contains drafts of *A Drama of Exile* and "There sits a lady in her hall".

This will explain why none of these pieces will be found in Volume Three of the Oxford English Texts edition of Browning, to be published at the beginning of next year.

IAN JACK.
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Austria and the Arts

Sir, – I did not imply, as H. C. Robbins Landon suggests (Letters, July 24), that current anti-semitism is responsible for the Austrian Government's withdrawal of funding from the International Gustav Mahler Society in Vienna. Doubtless there are pressing financial reasons. Possibly the £4,500 saved will subsidize the upkeep of an elderly mother-in-law in a state-supported home.

Whatever the present fiscal restraints, they do not alter the fact that Mahler is perceived in Austria as an outsider. Where funds have been freely available in the past to Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven and Bruckner causes and festivals, major and minor alike, the composer with the single greatest influence on the music of our own time has been disowned by the Austrian State, in both pre-war and post-war republics.

In 1985, well before the furor surrounding the incumbent president, it took a donation by an American individual to shame the Austrian Government into helping restore Mahler's composing hut at Steinbach-am-Attersee from its previous use as a public lavatory. I cannot imagine the same contempt would be tolerated at a significant Haydn site.

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Raymond Picard

Sir, – John Sturrock is inaccurate (July 3) when he supposes that Raymond Picard's *Nouvelle Critique, nouvelle imposture* has never been translated into English. In 1969 the Washington State University Press published *New Criticism or New Fraud*, translated by Frank Towne with quotations from Barthes's *Sur Racine* in both the original French and in Richard Howard's 1964 English rendition. As I pointed out to Raymond Picard at the time, the English translation of his work was adequate, if inelegant and often brutally literal.

None the less, there does exist an English version of *Nouvelle Critique* and since the embers of the Barthes-Picard quarrel still glow (see René Pommer's *Roland Barthes, ras le bol*, 1987, based on his 1986 doctoral thesis), it might be instructive for a strictly anglophone audience to have all of the pertinent documents at its disposal before arriving at specific conclusions.

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We apologize for the omission of full publication details of L. Davis and R. Huttenback's *Mannion and the Pursuit of Empire: The political economy of British imperialism*, which was reviewed by P. K. O'Brien in last week's TLS. The book contains 406 pages and is published by Cambridge University Press at £20.

INFORMATION, PLEASE

James Kirkup: letters, reminiscences, photographs, etc; for a literary biography.

Aiko Takemoto.
1347 Hiramani, Zentusaji, Kagawa, Japan.

Edward Molyneux (1891–1974), dress-designer; personal reminiscences, photographs or sketches of his designs, or actual clothes; for a biography.

Peter Hope Lumley.
84 Kensington High Street, London W8 4SG.

Princess Katherine Dashkova (1743–1810); any relevant material, other than that in available biographies; for a new biography.

Guy Daniels.
c/o James Edmonstone, 1 St Peter's Close, Lugwardine, Hereford HR1 4AT.

Alexander Allan Shand (1844–1930), Head Office Manager, Parr's Bank, and advisor in early Meiji Japan, 1870s; papers and information about descendants.

Olive Checkland.
18 Ferry Path, Cambridge, CB4 1HB.

Margaret Llewelyn-Davies: personal recollections, diaries, letters, pamphlets, speeches, etc; for a biography commissioned to celebrate the centenary of her General Secretaryship of the Co-Operative Women's Guild.

Diane Paskin.
Co-Operative Women's Guild, 342 Hoe Street, London E1 1PL.

Brian Penlon, editor of the Sydney Daily Telegraph during the 1940s; personal recol-

lections or information about his activities in Britain; for a biography.

Patrick Buckridge.
Australian Studies Centre, 28 Russell Square, London WC1B 5DS.

Donald Attwater, journalist, who contributed to such papers as *Commonweal* and *Blackfriars* in the 1930s and 40s; personal papers, recollections, articles, etc.

Jay P. Corrin.
College of Basic Studies, Boston University, 871 Commonwealth Avenue, Boston, MA 02215, USA.

Bernard Stevens: any information or material, including MSS, for a collection of biographical and critical essays on Stevens's life and work.

Bertha Stevens.
Bernard Stevens Trust, The Forge, Great Maplestead, Eilatend, Essex CO9 2RE.

Christoph Friedrich von Pfleiderer (1736–1821), mathematician: letters, reminiscences; for a biography.

Wilfried Lagler.
Falkenstrasse 33, D-7406 Moessingen 5, German Federal Republic.

George Gissing: any letters, in institutions or in private hands; for an edition of the complete letters.

Paul F. Mattheisen.
SUNY-Binghamton, New York 13901, USA.

Arthur C. Young.
Russell Sage College, Troy, New York 12180, USA.

COMMENTARY

Farcically final

R. V. Holdsworth

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE
The Jew of Malta
Swan Theatre, Stratford-upon-Avon

The quarto of *The Jew of Malta* titles itself a "Famous Tragedy", and the Prologue promises "the tragedy of a Jew". Apart from the fact that several characters, and finally the protagonist, die, the play that follows hardly fits this billing. True, Barabas the Jew has the hubris to deem himself "born to better chance". And framed of finer mould than common men, and the ogism to declare "so [live, perish may all the world]"; but his goal is not global conquest or divine knowledge but money, coupled with a desire to get even with those who take it from him. Nor does his career permit one to talk of overreaching ambition, moral deterioration, and an inevitable fall. He is gleefully unprincipled from the start, and the plot he keeps in motion is little more than a medley of practical jokes with lethal consequences for his victims, the last victim being, quite arbitrarily, himself. Too melodramatic to elicit terror, the play also studiously undercuts anything suggestive of pity. "Witness that I die a Christian", gasps the innocent Abigail as she succumbs to the poisoned porridge her father has donated to the nunnery. "Ay, and a virgin too, that grieves me most", her confessor glumly adds.

Such features led T.S. Eliot famously to reclassify *The Jew of Malta* as a farce, albeit one possessing "terribly serious, even savage comic humour", and Barry Kyle's Swan production seems so bent on implementing this dictum that the seriousness and savagery are only fitfully apparent. A headlong pace and plenty of slapstick keep both psychology and much sense of real pain at bay, while Alun Armstrong's Barabas, rushing delightedly from one bravura

performance to the next, and keeping the audience on his side by means of constant asides and winks, risks condemnation more for over-acting than malevolence. A breezy jokiness dissipates the moments of potential horror. Bernadine, yanked from his bed by a long rope looped round his neck and strangled slowly by Barabas and Ithamore, dies to the strains of a jaunty jazz tune, and Jacomo's cry on discovering the impact of Barabas's porridge, "O brother, all the nuns are dead! Let's bury them", becomes the evening's funniest line.

Armstrong's manic prankster works well in this Orton-like atmosphere (a parallel for which a programme note prepares us), and Phil Daniels's filthy but low-key Ithamore enhances his predominance. Quite different effects, however, designed to highlight the play's concern with religious antagonism and political craft, are striven for elsewhere. At times the Christian Knights wear robes reminiscent of the Ku Klux Klan; at others they don khaki battle-dress while the Turks have Arab headgear and kalashnikovs, implying a setting in modern Beirut. Neither link seems revelatory, and to attempt both is confusing. A more successful strategy is adopted in the Prologue and finale. For the opening, Machiavelli rises from a fiery pit through a trapdoor to loiter over the audience on a trapeze, fixing them with a predatory smile as he delivers his lecture on the morality of politics. At the end Barabas is lowered, screaming for pity, into the same hell's mouth, after which Ferneze the Christian Governor stands on the edge bathed in its glow while Calymath's Turks are bundled to the back of the stage and shot. Removing his wig, Ferneze reveals himself as the Machiavelli of the Prologue, reverting to the latter's menacing Italian tones as he gives his closing cynical thanks to heaven. These are the production's most disturbing moments, but they seem starkly out of touch with the farcical scamper of the intrigue they frame.

A vernacular voice

Helen McNeil

Omibus: A Writer's Beginnings
BBC2

When Eudora Welty wrote *One Writer's Beginnings* (1984) the title was chosen with her usual attention to detail. It was the origin of this writer that concerned her, this Jackson, Mississippi writer who happened to be a woman, and whose works are deeply rooted in place, voice and the play of time. This writer, the daughter of a family of Swiss descent who had moved further south from Virginia, came to consciousness learning chronology from the ticking of a grandfather clock and intuiting concord from the morning duet of her parents' whistling and humming downstairs. Like Nabokov, Welty has a full and evocative memory. Unlike Nabokov – and unlike her fellow Mississippian Faulkner – she sees memory as an instrument of continuity and "confluence".

In the recent *Omibus* tribute, no script-writer was credited; the woman interviewer whose voice asked very politely whether clock time would necessarily be the appropriate model for narrative time also remained anonymous. Although Nigel Williams was the producer most concerned with the project, Welty herself was the author (in *One Writer's Beginnings*) of the meditations on craft and memory which formed the core of the programme. Elsewhere, there was little offered.

Time and tale-telling are Welty's main concerns, as she showed by telling stories about both. Once, when a host was afraid she was going to be too literary, he asked her to "just tell us one of your stories in your own words". Welty reported that this was a high compliment indeed, since all her stories are already told in her own words. She offered with ironic relish a possibly apocryphal local saying: "If you hear it, tell it." Even in a staged get-together with hourbon-tipping Jackson ladies, her sense of comic timing came through; we seemed to be hearing the first draft of the still-unwritten

"Why Is There an Owl In My Refrigerator?" *Omibus* wisely let Welty speak and recite; the surgically incisive interview is inappropriate for a seventy-eight-year-old writer. However, the programme failed in its larger assignment of informing its viewers why this woman's views matter. Welty is one of the century's great short-story writers; she is a riveting narrator and chronicler of the universal in the local; her work is humane and her vision is deeply comic. None of this was evident in the *Omibus* programme, which chose instead to validate her status by showing her receiving a National Medal of Honor at the White House in 1984. She was happy to be appreciated and Nancy Reagan read the citation nicely (stumbling only on the phrase "Pulitzer Prize"), but this was the programme's only effort to identify Welty's place in American culture.

It was impossible to tell which absences represented part of *Omibus*'s portrait and which might have been due to neglect, or lack of time in Jackson, or the decision to use Welty's own voice for the voice-overs. The programme had relatively few images: the camera lingered on artful tableaux such as a barometer, an empty bourbon bottle, and a book of Jackson recipes, all of which must have been set up on site. Of Jackson we saw only the library, named after Welty, her father's skyscraper, and a brief view from a train, while the interior of her house was carefully exploded in beautiful near-monochrome. Welty lives to this day in her parents' house, a fine clapboard home with the porch and the central turning staircase familiar from American cinematic representations of idyllic small-town life. This house is her immediate setting, but its predominance in the film strongly implied that she is an introspective, interior writer, which she is not. On the basis of this programme one could believe Welty's remark that she "came from a sheltered life". It was not so easy to understand why Emily Dickinson, she also knows – and emphasizes – that "a sheltered life can be a daring life as well".

Avuncular attitudes

Patricia Craig

The Magic Toyshop
Various cinemas

Angela Carter's novel *The Magic Toyshop* is almost a children's story; there are a touch of Noel Streatfeild and a touch of John Masfield about it. Three children, suddenly orphaned, are sent to live with a disagreeable uncle, a toymaker, above his South London shop: Melanie, Jonathon and Victoria. Melanie is fifteen, and the story concerns her growing up. The book is plentiful in symbolic effects. Melanie (Caroline Milroe), not yet bereft of parents and security, succumbs to an adolescent impulse flitting about a moonlit garden wearing her mother's wedding dress, which ends up torn and bloodstained. Quite a few implications may be read into this. Fairytale imagery, a lucid prose style, and full acknowledgement of an erotic undertow to the storybook incidents: these make for a highly charged narrative.

David Wheatley's film sticks pretty closely to the events of the novel, but adds a surreal embellishment at every turn: a wedding photograph suddenly springs to life; a rose on a rosebush becomes a fragment of wallpaper; a flesh-and-blood terrier fuses with a picture of itself. The tiresome *Company of Wolves* all over again? Fortunately less elaboration is required for this particular story, and the overpowering distortions don't run riot all over the screen, as they did in the previous adaptation.

The film sets out to illuminate, as decoratively and poignantly as possible, the concept of growing up. To grow up is to shed the accoutrements of childhood: parents, playthings, heated towels supplied on demand, an

easy life. The toyshop owned by churlish Uncle Philip (Tom Bell) is a kind of metaphorical halfway house for Melanie, full of intimations of oddities and enormities to come. It contains, among the rest of the curiosities, a strange Irish trio: red-haired, dumb Aunt Margaret, Uncle Philip's wife, and her brothers Francis and Finn. These three have the children's good at heart, unlike the wicked uncle, the puppet-maker, whose apparent generosity to the orphans has strings attached.

Readers of Carter's fiction will be familiar with the "wolf's clothing" device, which is used to represent the carnal drive in men – something that turns out not to be as fearsome as it might look to the uninitiated. Here, it isn't a wolf but a swan that fits the bill: a peculiar looking object contrived by Uncle Philip to act the part of Jove to Melanie's Leda; or Finn himself, as it may be, who stands in for the swan-puppet during rehearsals. (Another swan connection, one that isn't stressed, is the likeness of the Irish siblings to the legendary Children of Lir: a sister and two brothers turned into swans and rendered voiceless.) Graceful Finn embodies a few of the facts that Melanie, in order to grow up, has got to face: that men, as likely as not, will give off "a ferocious, unwashed, animal reek" and come at you with their discoloured teeth; and that such defects, ultimately, are of no account.

The substitution of visual images for an ironic narrative voice means that Melanie's posing in attitudes, for example, is just posing in attitudes accompanied by portentous music. The film is most effective when it is sedate or naturalistic; an undue theatricality keeps threatening to take it over. Expert acting, however, combined with the potent associations Angela Carter puts into her stories, keeps *The Magic Toyshop* from running off the rails.

Collective collapse

J. K. L. Walker

RAY HERMAN
They Shoot Horses, Don't They?
Mermaid Theatre

The marathon dance craze that swept America during the interwar years has taken its place, along with Lindbergh, Prohibition, Al Capone, the Wall Street Crash, in the popular, showbiz-style history of the period: the past as excess of one kind or another – in this case, genteel Roseland Saturday-night pleasures transmuted into a grim parody in which couples danced until they dropped. Those that didn't drop won – esteem, or job satisfaction, or trophies, or, as the Depression bit, cash and food and shelter for as many weeks or months as the contests dragged on.

Ray Herman's adaptation opens out Horace McCoy's 1935 novel which, in Ron Daniels's dazzlingly inventive production for the RSC – as in Sydney Pollack's film of 1969 – becomes a metaphor and indictment of the America of the Depression years.

From the start (and even before, with the bustle of costumed players in the foyers), the audience is sucked into an ambivalent role by Ralph Koltai's stunningly theatrical conversion of the Mermaid into a Californian pier-head dance-hall. Koltai's illusionism – the railed-off dance-floor/stage, the hundreds of winking bulbs framing the flag and, bunting, swathed balconies, the giant blow-ups of film stars – makes spectators of us all, settling down to watch the plucky young couples battling it out for the \$1000 prize. Collision only slowly gives way to detachment, as the dinner-jacketed MC, Rocky Gravo (in a commanding performance by Henry Goodman), flogs the shuffling couples on with boosterist exhortation while his assistant roller-skates round herding the dancers like a tyrannical sheep-dog.

Despite the banner proclaiming that "they're dancing continuously until they finish", they aren't, of course, and in the rest intervals the play moves away from mere spectacle to acquire definition as couples become people rather than mere person numbers. Not that reality gets all that much of a look in,

this being 1930s Los Angeles; fantasies of Hollywood stardom engulf these down-and-outs, working their passage from dust-bowl farms or worse, through this dance-hall purgatory, to the golden studio gates. Couple 122, Gloria (Imelda Staunton) and Robert (Paul Greenwood), provides the strongest of the narrative threads and the play's theme of illusion collapsing into despair. The girl's constructive suicide at her partner's hands – "Shoot me, I won't feel nothing, it's the only way to get me out of my misery" – is set against the one-time farm-boy's memory of his grief as a child when the old, long-enduring work-horse had to be shot.

Obvious, even crude, though the analogy may be, it is powerful and effective within the social context of the play and of the era before the New Deal had begun to dispel the sense of deep wrong in American society. Yet despair cuts across the grain of American optimism, the historic belief in salvation through work. Here, as the production moves forward, with the exhausted dancers being subjected to yet more bizarre humiliations, that optimism is introduced in jagged, ironic counterpoint. Popular songs, cleverly assembled by Adam Pollock from Hollywood musicals of the 1930s, are gasped or strutted out by contestants for a five or ten-dollar bonus, their trite but not unrepresentative hopefulness pulled mercilessly inside out: the 1930s not being spared to allow the 1930s to keep their sunny side up and wrap their troubles in dreams. More crucially, the glare of frontier pragmatism, the sustaining, if decadent American pragmatism, turns menacing and its exponent, the ruthless but energizing Gravo, dictatorial, Mephistophelean. This is a collectivist view which happens to work extremely well using a third-rate dance-hall populated by automata.

Meanwhile, down on the realistic level, the play is falling apart by the end of the second act into a welter of Mothers' League intervention, escaped convicts and shots from the balcony: the marathon collapses after 1,246 hours. This is a disappointment both to spectators and to the play. Narrative logic, it might be said, is resolved in the shooting of Gloria by her lover; but their thin pure dust-heap of a love, the collective drama and spectacle that comes to seem almost subsidiary to it.

A route to the sublime

Malcolm Bowie

JEAN GENET
The Balcony
Barbican Theatre

Madame Irma's brothel, the Great Balcony, specializes in "special services". For an appropriate fee, trained personnel will turn the meek into generals, the hesitant into judges and the impious into bishops. Not all the figures of authority have, however, the same erotic charge. When the last tableau of Genet's play begins, no client has asked to take his pleasure as Chief of Police. Georges, the "real" Chief of Police, exasperated to find that the constabulary is discriminated against in the fantasy-life of the population, proposes an extreme solution: to have himself enshrined in a man-sized phallus. "Very difficult to bring off", the Judge comments, at one of those rare points where the translation outsmarts Genet's original text ("très difficile à réaliser"). But this desperate vision of priapic potency is soon to make way for a truer glory: Georges is about to have his first imitator and a new god is about to enter the savage pantheon of Western sexuality. For the boys in blue an overdue millennium has at last arrived.

It is customary to see this final tableau as Genet's grand satirical vengeance on the forces of law and order that had hounded him during adolescence and early manhood. In the wake of a successful insurrection, the brothel mummies have been called to high office as the "real" General, Bishop and Judge of the new social order and they are indignant to find that the pleasures of pretence are now in danger of being withdrawn. Yet they are not easily tamed by their new duties and dignities. Leaving behind the mere overacting that is this play's home key, the three of them join forces with the newly crowned Queen Irma and enter the wondrous dimension of hyper-acting. This is indeed satire. In Genet's hands, the public behaviour of "the authorities" has suddenly become transparent and their private worlds of desire and power-appetite have been laid bare. Those who come to Irma's "house of illusions"

straight from the televised performances of Fawn Hall and Oliver North will know exactly where they are. But precisely because *The Balcony* works so well as satire, still bites so deep into the contemporary social and political scene, the Jean Genet story can do little to enhance or explain it. The main elements of that story – orphanage, theft, borstal, more theft, prison, prostitution, writing, canonization by Sartre – have their own bleak power and can be reassembled in a variety of ways, but in none of their configurations to date do they have anything to say about the astounding complexity and finesse of Genet's play.

Genet's text sings and dances in the frontier territory between truth and falsehood, and between cruelty and tenderness. In the thick of battle, Roger and Chantal imagine themselves a future love; in the thick of prostitutional commerce, Irma and Georges share the memory of a love now lost; the phoney General, exciting himself with memories of wars unfought becomes suddenly solicitous towards the troops he never had: "I was so gentle that I started to snow. To snow upon my men, to mire them in the tenderest of shrouds . . ."; and the phoney Bishop, whose hands are up to things beneath his vestments, discovers his own route towards universal joy:

Oh glided cope . . . beneath your watered, frozen skirts, what are my hands doing? Unsusited for anything other than the merest sketch of a fluttering motion, they have become wing-stumps – the wings not of angels but of guinea-fowl – oh right cope, you enable me to pursue, in warmth and in darkness, the tenderness, the most radiant sweetness.

This pervasive tone of lyrical exaltation seems at first hearing to be at odds with the stupidity, brutishness and abjection of the characters – to have been wished upon them by a writer impatient to prove himself no brute. But Genet's countless stage directions concerning tone of voice make it clear that this lyricism is to have its part in the drama: it is one manipulative play among many others in the endless game of sex and power, but it is also the token of a gratuitous grace, a providential entitlement to ecstasy, that descends with splendid indifference upon predator and prey, law-breaker and law-enforcer, prostitute and

client. One has to go back to Proust, or to *The Dunciad*, to find satire in which the desire to revile and the desire to celebrate are so closely entwined.

This is a bravura company performance of the most exhilarating sort, in which the gaudy, phallic choreography of the brothel visitors on stilts (Genet insists on stilts) is handled with breathtaking ease, and in which the escalating madness of the plot is timed to perfection. Among many fine individual performances, Joe Melia's Police Chief moves back and forth across a range of favourite English cameos: from Dixon, through Z-Cars to Anderton, all with nice touches of under-the-surface spiv; Richard Easton's Envoy, mauling keeping his head while all around him are losing theirs, maintains exactly the "ton casse-coquilles" that Genet prescribes for him; and with extraordinary precision and archness, Dilys Laye as Irma and Kathryn Pogson as Carmen act the part of actresses meditating on the art of acting – as if theatres and brothels had never had other business to transact.

But despite all this, it seems to me that too much effort has been spent in preparing broad scenic effects and in maintaining an overall carnivalesque momentum. Genet had a good deal to say about the movement of the play in performance, and he particularly stressed the qualities of "song" and "equivocation" in its language. Even without Genet's guidance on such matters, however, one could have wished that his glittering text – well translated by Barbara Wright and Terry Hands – had been allowed to sing more, to absorb into itself some at least of the energy that is at present grandly discharged in stage action. The lyrical passages – with their enumerative rhythms and their recurrent images of ornament, interlace and celestial motion – are an intermittent hymn to Genet's twin idols, reflection and simulation. Those passages are not individual display-pleases, but moments within an increasingly

powerful choric declamation: the characters need to be heard answering each other swoon for swoon and echoing each other from one dark intimation to the next. For just as the characters have equal access to bliss, they are equally threatened by death from start to finish. Talk of death – of the absence that all too palpably lies beyond their histrionic frenzy – is a collective enterprise, and the play's final vision of mortality has been prepared from its opening speech. There the Bishop had imagined himself dying upon an after-image of meaninglessly intricate ecclesiastical garb, and, after many reminders on the way, this same inhuman intricacy emerges at the end as the structural principle on which the supreme mausoleum is to be built: "the inside will have the complexity of a termite's nest or the basilica at Lourdes . . . already tombs are being encased in tombs, cenotaphs in cenotaphs, coffins in coffins".

More could have been done, then, to foster the participatory song of Genet's play and its interweaving of slapstick and sublimity. In one scene, however, more could not have been done: from all viewpoints, it is already a triumph. This is the scene, in the closing minutes of the play, where the destinies of rebel leader and Police Chief converge. Gerard Murphy as Roger staggers on to the stage in the futuristic divinity of the Force: he wears the regulation stills and looms over the auditorium as a lamé-covered, punkish, easy-riding cycle-cop. And from some indeterminate point behind the glitzy pallor of his face a terrifying police-siren song begins to sound. We have already had a forerunner of this voice in Roger's *pur et dur* ranting as rebel leader. But now, as the voice discovers brutality, it discovers pathos too. Pity on us, the whole production says at this point, not just for calling this monster into being but for stranding him a yard above the ground and for freezing his voice into this forlorn wail.

AGRANADA FILM

THE MAGIC TOYSHOP

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What men or gods, what maidens loth

Hugh Lloyd-Jones

Lexicon Iconographicum Mythologicum Classicae
Volume Three, Atherion-Eros.
Part One, 1.080pp; Part Two, Index 84pp and
Plates 741pp.
Zürich: Artemis.
3 760887511

In reviewing the first two double volumes of this splendid work (*TLS*, December 28, 1984), I wrote that it would be priceless to scholars for at least a century. I will not now repeat the detailed description of the aims and methods of the *Lexicon Iconographicum Mythologicum Classicae* given in that review, but will say again that it is of the greatest value to students of ancient literature, history and religion, just as much as to students of ancient and Renaissance art, and that the standard of the contributions is in keeping with the magnificent production of the books.

Since Demeter is held over for a later volume, the principal deities dealt with in Volume Three are Dionysos (Bacchos) and Eros (Amor, Cupido). Dionysos gets 152 pages of text and 160 pages of plates. Carlo Gasparri deals with Dionysos in art, Alina Veneri with the literary sources; the latter provides a useful article, but fails to mention the important work of E. R. Dodds and Albert Henrichs, as also E. E. Rice's book *The Grand Procession of Ptolemy Philadelphus* (reviewed in the *TLS*, May 11, 1984). "Dionysos' divine identity", Henrichs has written, "oscillates bewilderingly between extreme and even opposite characteristics, and to trace his evolution in terms of religious history, or to understand him holistically as an existential archetype, is not easy": this is abundantly confirmed by the series of illustrations given here. Henrichs has criticized Martin Robertson for seeing, in his *History of Greek Art* (1976), the sequence of the three main types of Dionysos, the bearded, the youthful, the effeminate, as a purely artistic development due to a general trend in Greek art, pointing out that the different portrayals of the god in literature do not coincide with this chronological succession. But it is wrong to say that Homer's story of the persecution of Dionysos by Lykourgos already implies an effeminate god, for Dionysos here is not effeminate, but is still a child; the effeminate Dionysos first occurs in literature in Aeschylus; and after the uniconic or theriomorphic presentations of the earliest times, the

lists given here do indeed indicate the prevalence of the three types in question more or less in serial order.

Until well into the fifth century the god is generally a dignified and bearded figure; though he is often surrounded by satyrs and maenads in an advanced state of Dionysiac excitement, the god himself is notably calm and restrained. The first juvenile Dionysos in Attic art is on the gigantomachy of the Altamura Painter, and the type becomes common only during the last quarter of the fifth century. During the fourth century, effeminacy gradually creeps into the likenesses of the god; it is seen already in the "Sardanapalos" Dionysos attributed to the circle of Praxiteles. Though temples of Dionysos are not common in Magna Graecia and Sicily, he was closely associated with the cults of other deities there, and no subject is commoner in the art of this region, so that editors of Sophocles who emend away the statement (*Autigone* 1118) that Dionysos frequents Italy, seem not to be acquainted with the vases or the sculpture of that region. During the Hellenistic period Dionysos appears as a patron of culture and civilization, with whom monarchs liked to identify themselves; but by then he has lost much of his archaic gravity and depth.

Eros gets 199 pages of text and 118 pages of plates; Antoine Hermay being primarily responsible. Like that of Dionysos, Eros' development shows a gradual move away from the time when Greek art struck its beholders with profound emotions, notably with awe and terror. His earliest likenesses, too, were aniconic: in his famous temple at Thespie in Boeotia, the ancient statue of "rough stone" continued to be the cult image, even after the courtesan Phryne, a native of that place, had presented the celebrated statue of Eros by Praxiteles. From the end of the archaic period, Eros is regularly winged; during the sixth century his likenesses, previously rare, become commoner, particularly in Laconia, but they are unusual in Attic art before about 520-510, when their new prominence may be associated with the presence at Athens of the poet Anacreon. At first Eros has most often homosexual associations, but during the fifth century he becomes increasingly heterosexual. But at this time he is still a handsome and often virile young man, for the origins of the putto type lie in the Hellenistic period.

The next most prominent deities in Volume Three are the Dioskouroi (Castor and Pollux), who get 68 pages of text and 47 pages of plates; but the volume also includes such divine or

semi-divine personages as Ariadne (conveniently held over, so that she is in the same volume as her consort, Dionysos), Atlas, Attis, Baubo, Bendis, the grotesque Egyptian god Bes, Bona Dea, the cat-goddess Bubastis, the Charites (Gratiae), Charon (well handled by Christiane Sourvinou-Inwood), the Chimaira, Daphne, Dike, Diktyon, Dione, Dis Pater, Echo, Echidna, Eileithyia, Eirene, Enkelados, Epialtes, Erinyes, Eris, Heroes in this volume include Amphiaros (and also his charioteer Baton), Atreus, Automedon, Branchos, Daidalos, Deiphobos, Delphos (the eponym of Delphi, often, but it seems mistakenly, held to have been black), Diomedes, Dolon, Echion (the first man out of the Wooden Horse, and killed at once), Elpenor, Endymion, Epieios, Epopeus, Erginos. If you know anyone who thinks he knows the myths well, ask him to distinguish Echelos, Echmos and Echelaios. Heroines include Briseis, Chryseis, Danae, the Danaids, Deidamia, Delaenira, Dirke, Elektra, Erichon, Ergone. Again there are many personified abstractions, such as Autopsia, Bia, Demokratia (on the tomb of Kritias), Ekecheiria (=Truce), Ekklesia, Elpis, Epikostemesis (=Adornment), Epiktisis (=Acquisition). There are eponyms of places, such as Attika, Britannia (not as we know her), Constantinopolis, Ephesus. Satyr-names include the trio Dophios, Terpekelos and Psolas, shown pursuing the solitary pleasures in which their names indicate an interest.

The article on the Tegean priestess Auge, seduced by Herakles when drunk and by him the mother of the great hero Telephos, offers an excellent illustration of the value of the *Lexicon*. It was written too early to take account of the cup in the Thracian treasure, lately exhibited in the British Museum, that shows Auge with Herakles (see A. Fol, B. Nikolov and R. F. Hodkinson, *The New Thracian Treasure from Rogozhen, Bulgaria*, No 4 (opposite p 32)); but it contains depictions of her story which would show clearly what the subject was, even if the cup had not been inscribed with Auge's name.

On the whole Volume Three contains fewer failures to notice new literary evidence than the earlier volumes; but there is one at Part One, p 126, where a papyrus has shown that Apollonios of Rhodes (*Argonautica* 1,219 f) described the sons of Boreas as having wings not only on their heels, but on their temples. The story that Minos pursued the fleeing Daidalos to the west and died at Kamikos in Sicily requires a new interest in view of the discover of Mycenaean remains in that island,

gone, but the climate and the landscape were unchanged. Shepherds tending their goats among scenes of former greatness appealed to the European sense of the picturesque. To shed a few tears over the putative ruins of Troy was to experience the transience of empires.

Later came the topographers, Pausanias in hand, who identified the sites of the ancient cities and mapped the mountains and the rivers. Some were military men surveying the country with an eye to future campaigns. Others were explorers as intrepid as those who went into Africa or the South Seas. A few were also scholars, who made important contributions to the understanding of Greek history.

Perhaps the most interesting part of Stoneman's book is his account of the Great Power rivalries in the nineteenth century: Digging, which began as simple treasure-hunting, emerged remarkably quickly into a disciplined attempt to add to an understanding of the past. But although the museums of London, Paris, Berlin and elsewhere made amazing advances in the study of antiquity, the prime motive of the governments which financed them was imperial rivalry and imperial display.

Mr Stoneman tells the story plainly, with a wealth of quotations from the original writers. His romanticism is, however, kept under tight control; his observations are rarely bold, and the style is rather flat. If he writes another book on Greece I hope he will give his imagination more scope. For the saga is not over. The land having exhausted its treasures, it is now the turn of the sea. Off the stormy coasts of the Mediterranean there are probably dozens of shiploads of junken bronzes yet to be recovered.

Rural roots

Lin Foxhall

ROBIN OSBORNE
Classical Landscape with Figures: The ancient Greek city and its countryside
216pp. George Philip. £16.95.
0540011118

Classical Landscape with Figures says something genuinely new about the ancient Greek city-state (*polis*) by examining it in the setting of its rural territory. Robin Osborne begins with the paradox that the Greeks' "self-representation commonly plays down the basic reliance upon the countryside". Though the rural economy was central to the livelihood of the Greek city, and the subsistence of individual Greeks depended upon their personal involvement in it, the literary, iconographic and epigraphical sources concerning the town and urban life.

Osborne then attempts to define the "real" countryside, in chapters on ancient farming where he stresses the difficulties of practising agriculture in the harsh Greek landscape, with its un dependable environment; on the variety of settlement patterns of city-states at various periods and on the often disruptive effect of mining and quarrying. He goes on to examine exchange relationships both within and between cities, with the related problems of self-sufficiency, food-supply and markets and the diversity of political relationships that existed between town centre and hinterland. The basic premise of his chapter on war and the countryside, with which not all scholars will agree, is that changes in the nature of warfare between the sixth and third centuries BC meant that farmers were no longer central to military organization and transformed the relationship between town and country. Osborne then turns to the rural foundations of Greek art, pointing out the close links between the Greeks perceived between the well-being of the countryside and that of the human community. The book concludes by attempting to distil the essence of the *polis*, despite the variety of forms it took.

Classical Landscape with Figures is clearly and elegantly written, with informative and good, unusual photographs, most of them taken by the author. It will prove enlightening reading for anyone interested in ancient Greece, and essential for anyone studying the Greek city-state. Osborne presents a great deal of material about the *polis* that is not available elsewhere, especially that gained from archaeological surveys of the past decade. Few ancient historians are so competent at integrating archaeological and documentary evidence. He falters only on the question of who left behind the debris scattered about the countryside. Although careful to say the people we know most about are the rich, he sometimes switches without warning from discussing peasants to discussing rich landowners. The unwary reader might think that the book shows up clearly in the archaeological record, whereas it could be argued that the archaeological traces of classical antiquity are discernible traces.

Osborne could also have made better use of comparative material and anthropological theory. Though the town-country dichotomy is carefully brought out, there is no sense of *polis* as a dynamic, integrated system. Occasionally he implies very modern notions of ancient Greeks, as in his discussion of consumers and the status value of Athenian painted pottery. It has been convincingly argued that the upper classes drank their wine from metal cups, not, as Osborne implies, from ones, nor can a full understanding of the mythological scenes on the vases have been essential for their enjoyment and production. To return to the book's initial premise, the Greeks might be characterized by the words of Julian Pitt-Rivers (writing in 1902) as "a people who dwell in the country from which they go out to cultivate the land, but who do not love it". Perhaps the *polis* lies more then in its value system than in its structure?

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An age in the making

Phillip Lindley

STEPHEN MURRAY
Building Troyes Cathedral: The late Gothic campaigns
257pp. Bloomington: Indiana University Press. \$47.
0253132779

The cathedral of Troyes, like Beauvais or Tours, belongs to that category of great French churches whose construction dragged on for centuries. Indeed, Troyes Cathedral could be said to be still unfinished, since the southern tower of the west front, the Tour St Paul, was never built. The present cathedral is the result of no fewer than seven different medieval building campaigns. The first three, in the thirteenth century, concentrated on the choir and transepts, and are the subject of N. Bongartz's monograph, *Die frühen Bauteile der Kathedrale in Troyes* (1979). Stephen Murray's *Building Troyes Cathedral* was originally intended to form a companion volume, and analyses the last four campaigns, which were responsible for the completion of the transepts, the crossing tower, nave and west facade. Although there is little documentary evidence for the thirteenth-century architecture, fabric accounts and records of chapter deliberations survive for the later work in almost embarrassingly large numbers. Perhaps Murray's most important achievement is his correlation of the topographical indications and the names of individual artisans mentioned in these accounts with specific parts of the cathedral. He formulates, in an exemplary demonstration of architectural-historical method, a highly detailed chronology of the fabric in which he frequently assigns particular capitals to named individuals. He is therefore able to comment on the artistic personalities of many of the master-masons: he characterizes Jacques le Vauclier (active between 1450 and 1455), for example, as a highly conservative mason unable to respond to the challenges posed by the west facade, while Martin Chambiges, who came to Troyes after 1502, is shown to have been an inventive designer and an expert on structural matters.

Houses in order

John Harvey

ROGER STALLEY
The Cistercian Monasteries of Ireland: An account of the history, art, and architecture of the white monks in Ireland from 1142 to 1540
250pp. Yale University Press. £25.
0300337376

There has recently been a renewed interest in Western monasticism and in Romanesque and Gothic art. At times there is, as in the last century, an over-emphasis on the role of the monks and an insistence upon the particular "styles" of the Orders. In *The Cistercian Monasteries of Ireland* Roger Stalley rightly states that it is "better to think in terms of a Cistercian 'attitude' rather than a specific style of architecture", and points out that the monks built in the varying regional styles of Europe. In the case of the Cistercians, however, the construction of all houses to the General Chapter for a time to some degree of uniformity, according to export from Cîteaux of elements of a new sort of architecture which had emerged in the Burgundian homeland of the Order. This style was certainly not French, for the Cistercians were then a separate kingdom within the Empire, and even the Duchy did not pay homage to the French king until about 1180. This monographic treatment of the Order in Ireland is of unusual importance because the Cistercians there were almost alone as monks, and, later, by the Black and Grey monks. The Cistercians themselves came in two waves, the first beginning with direct importation of Mellifont from Clairvaux in 1142 and spreading throughout southern Ireland. This purely Irish group accounts for the remaining ten of the total of thirty-six houses. The remaining ten were a distinct phe-

nomenon, following the Anglo-Norman conquest of 1169-70. The extent to which the two groups remained different, building "in two separate styles" in spite of topographical interpenetration, provides an interesting commentary on the dominance of political factors.

The book is not limited to architecture, but covers sculpture, decoration and furnishings, as well as a sufficiency of general history. Because of this wide scope Dr Stalley is able to come to some important general conclusions, notably that it was the advent of the Cistercians that put an end to the traditional arts of Ireland. Complex animal patterns and the richness of detail associated with Irish manuscripts withered under the stern simplicity preached by St Bernard. It was only much later, towards the end of the Middle Ages, that a typically Irish style, rich in detail, broke the strait-jacket and imposed a national stamp on the buildings. From the thirteenth century the architecture was due to professional masons and it is evident that the mother-daughter relationship of houses had little or no influence upon plans. One curious fact is that much of the structural evidence suggests the use of the English foot (rather than the Roman, Burgundian, or French) as a unit of measurement. Even before the conquest of 1170, English cultural influence in the guise of skilled masons may have accompanied the early monks on their way to Ireland, and before that Stalley is able to point to the English West Country as the source of characteristics found in Cormac's Chapel (1127-34) at Cashel as well as in Cistercian houses such as Mellifont and Boyle. In sharp contrast, later Gothic in Ireland showed a marked antipathy to English Perpendicular.

There is an excellent bibliography, and the apparatus includes an informative gazetteer of all the major houses, and a large corpus of moulding profiles to scale. The illustrations are well reproduced, the design handsome, and the price reasonable.

Detailed discussions of the four main building campaigns form the backbone of the book. Murray highlights a variety of reasons why construction took so long: political factors ranging from the absorption of Champagne into the kingdom of France to the accusations of sorcery against Bishop Guichard, who was suspected of baptizing and burning a wax effigy of the queen (his contemporary, Bishop Langton of Lichfield, suffered from similarly bizarre accusations); economic causes such as the disruptions of the Hundred Years War; inadequate funding and planning; design uncertainties and changes of priority; and, most important of all, a series of disastrous structural failures. In 1228 a whirlwind badly damaged the incomplete choir, the crossing tower collapsed in 1365 and the upper nave and north transept rose-window followed in 1389. The first failure could hardly have been avoided, but the later collapses were due to foolish planning decisions, poor maintenance, inadequate funding and incompetent workmen. Design mistakes, such as Master Jehan de Torvoile's mispositioning of the nave's upper flying buttresses, exacerbated the difficulties. Fundamental problems were actually inherent in the stylistic conservatism of the nave design, for by copying features from the Rayonnant choir and transepts structural weaknesses were also inherited. Murray's analysis helps to dispel the myth that the thirteenth century saw the supreme realization of Gothic. In structural terms, the later Gothic builders were following a very poor model.

Murray adduces documentary as well as stylistic evidence for the study of Rayonnant prototypes in the mid-fifteenth century: when Master Bleuet, master-mason of Reims Cathedral, was asked to design the west front of Troyes, he took a party including two of the canons to see the thirteenth-century façades of Reims, Amiens and Notre-Dame de Paris, before drawing out his own design. Other issues of broad interest in late medieval architecture are illuminated in the book. The resentment by local masons of outside specialists, which seems to have been common in the late Middle Ages (and which erupted into violence at York in 1408), is hinted at in the rival plans for the

choir-screen and west front. Sometimes basic decisions were taken only after work had already begun: construction of the crossing tower, for example, started in 1412-13 but it was not until 1414-15 that it was decided how many tiers of windows it should feature. Murray's convincing demonstration that the nave vaults were centred on mounds of earth will undoubtedly be of interest to those studying constructional techniques, as will be his discussion of the practice from 1452-3, when false templates were taken to the quarry in order to speed up work through mass production and to cut transport costs. On these issues, as elsewhere in his work, a familiarity with the extensive literature on contemporary English architecture (such as Rackham's analysis of the nave of Westminster Abbey in the *Proceedings of the British Academy* for 1909-10) would have provided Murray with valuable comparative material; although his book concentrates on Troyes Cathedral his work has much wider implications.

The appendices contain lists of accounts;



Tympanum and line of Choirs Cathedral; reproduced here from *The Sculptors of the West Portals of Chartres Cathedral* by Whitney S. Stoddard (252pp. Norton. £45. 0393 02363 6).

Problems on site

Simon Pepper

JOHN FITCHEN
Building Construction Before Mechanization
320pp. MIT Press. \$19.95.
0262061023

Despite the modest success of new journals such as *Vernacular Architecture* and *Construction History*, the day-to-day processes of building construction are still largely unknown outside tiny specialist circles. Architects and engineers - still less those with a broader cultural interest in old buildings and their conservation - rarely stop to consider how heavy loads were raised, materials hauled, foundations made, and massive structures ventilated before mechanical power came to the building site, or how Roman concrete was cured before its chemistry was understood. It is this field that John Fitchen sets out to chart in *Building Construction Before Mechanization*.

It is an ambitious undertaking, for even the post-medieval working builder left few written records, and the operational details of building have to be pieced together by raiding the secondary materials of half-a-dozen academic disciplines, by observing contemporary third-world techniques, and by the exercise of what might be termed "technically informed imagination".

Fitchen adopts a thematic approach with chapters on the role of the builder, Jerry-building, the sequence of construction, stresses, wood, transportation and ventilation; followed by a code on the building of Cheops' Pyramid. Arches, vaults and domes have long enjoyed a special place in the history of both structures

and architecture, but for Fitchen it is the means - not the ends - that are focused on. What raised and held up the masonry until it could support itself was temporary wooden shoring, centring, shuttering, scaffolding, lifting gear and even ladders, all of which consumed enormous quantities of timber and posed problems of its own in terms of erection, dismantling and stability (as is well known to the accident investigator today). Indeed, much builderly ingenuity has been expended on the elimination of the so-called "falsework" by such devices as the stone-weighted rope (designed to keep vaulting stones in place until the structure was complete), or the spiralling blockwork courses used in Spanish domes and Eskimo igloos.

Building Construction Before Mechanization is a mine of information. Inevitably, it is general in scope; and made to appear more so by Fitchen's stylistic preference for sweeping generalities in the text, leaving the more curious reader to burrow in the extensive notes for particulars and examples. It is irritating to have to use the end-notes to identify the authors of the extensive quotations which, after translation, read much the same whether ancient or modern. Specialists, of course, will find little that is new. Pyramids, barrel vaults, the movement of obelisks, and the buttressed vaulting of Gothic cathedrals feature prominently; and the unwary non-specialist could be forgiven for supposing that crucks and hammer-beams were the dominant structural elements in medieval English building. Yet there are many insights, a jargon-free use of language, and an ability to conceive and explain the construction process as a total system which will make the book accessible - and I suspect, thought-provoking - to a wide readership.

A cereal and its civilization

Ruth McVey

FRANCESCA BRAY
The Rice Economies: Technology and
development in Asian societies
254pp. Oxford: Blackwell. £22.50.
0631 148779

The family of cereals is worthy but dull; only rice has managed to rise above stodgy respectability. Indeed, it has acquired glamour, even a certain mystery: the Orient, peasants bending over paddy-fields, dizzying terraces, the patient water buffalo. Never mind that nowadays the great exporters are the United States and Australia, whose crops are sown by aircraft, or that the paddy-fields of the Po are levelled by laser. It is not the modern techniques that enchant us, but the traditional rice-growing of Asia; and it is this which is addressed in this book. Francesca Bray is equipped for the task: she did fieldwork in Malaysia, researched in China and Japan, and worked on Chinese agriculture for Joseph Needham's series on *Science and Civilization in China*. She has set herself to show the historical development of rice technology in the Far East and South-east Asia, and has devoted considerable attention as well to the present circumstances of the rice-growing peasantry. She covers a huge historical and geographical range, and does it well.

Bray sees the technology of rice-growing as the root of a civilizational contrast between East and West. The fact that one can, with organization and assiduity, achieve very high production levels and therefore high population concentrations with irrigated rice culture has led in her view to societies which stress personal relations, individual and organizational skills, rather than the mechanical replacement of labour. And as the fine-tuning required by successful wet-rice management was best handled at a very local level, this meant a persistence of peasant small-holdings

rather than the development of great centrally managed estates and capitalist agriculture. This pattern survives even today in spite of the great pressures of international economics and Western-derived values, and the governments of the rice-growing countries are characteristically more inclined to seek solutions by manipulating the populace than by abstract or mechanical approaches. In contrast, wheat-growing northern Europe had to rely on extensive agriculture to provide a significant surplus; this meant great estates and, because of the shortage of manpower on them, a need for the substitution of machine for human labour that was to inspire an industrial revolution. Western civilization, and the standards for modernity which it has set up, is "mechanically oriented", while the technology of the East is "skill-oriented", its agriculture is small-scale and relatively egalitarian, and its emphasis is on human relations. What the West has recommended to the East as appropriate to Development has therefore been at best beside the point and at worst has destroyed valuable institutions.

Bray is not the first to base a Big Idea on the growing of rice. Karl Wittfogel's hydraulic society and oriental despotism looked to China; J. H. Boeke's dual economy and Clifford Geertz's agricultural involution drew on Java, and James Scott based his theory of the moral economy of the peasant on the comparative study of South-east Asian rice-growers. But Big Ideas - whether or not they are eventually shot down - not only must provide a new way of looking at things but must be sufficiently coherent and well-grounded to persuade us that we are being presented with an answer and not a series of over-generalizations. In this case, the concatenation of European feudalism, centralized estate management, capitalist agriculture and industrialization is simply not persuasive. Moreover, were rice-growing societies always characterized by abundant population? Not in South-east Asia, certainly;

the pre-colonial states of that region were generally relatively underpopulated, in response to which their legal and political systems emphasized control over people rather than land. The latter was seen as valueless without people to work it, and ideas of private property in land were introduced only with the imposition of European concepts. If, then, labour was short in some significant parts of the rice-growing world, why not employ the abundant technical skills developed for water control to provide mechanical solutions which would increase production and hence the power of those who extracted agriculture's surplus?

One reason has to do with the development of, and attitudes towards, production for the market, an aspect to which Bray, with her emphasis on technology rather than trade, has given little attention. Indeed, the market is also absent from her image of capitalist agriculture, for in her view a farm is capitalist if it "relies principally upon wage-labour and accumulates surplus value by this means". This is fine for the labour theory of value but can lead to anomalies when applied to agriculture: growers of flower-bulbs for the international market will appear as "peasant" if their workers are paid not wages but a share in the profit, while elderly or widowed peasants will find themselves capitalists when they are no longer able to do the bulk of farm work by themselves. Moreover, a characteristic of farm mechanization, together with increased emphasis on cash-crop production and the market, is a tendency to shed hired labour; many years ago this was noted in the United States. It meant that farms which were becoming more capitalist in terms of their market involvement - and also their size - were becoming more "peasant", in Bray's usage, in so far as their labour needs were now met by the family. Something like this may be taking place now in South-east Asia, where among the early effects of the "Green Revolution" and the introduction of mechanical equipment has been the

shedding of "share-the-poverty" arrangements which allowed supernumerary relations and fellow-villagers to share in the harvest. It may help to explain the persistence of "peasant" agriculture that Bray sees as generally characteristic of rice-growing countries.

That such a development might lead eventually to large, centrally managed estates is doubtful (save in the Philippines, where Spanish colonialism introduced latifundia centuries ago), for although agribusiness has had a growing appeal for South-east Asian moneyed élites, they have little motive for investing in rice. Most governments of the region - whether for reasons of political constituency, security, fear of mass unemployment, or the protection and control of a staple crop - have ringed the growing of rice with regulations; at the same time, they have kept its price low to keep the cities quiet. The result is that rice farming is not an interesting proposition in South-east Asia's rich. Local élites may find an attractive investment, and much rice is being bought by officials and other urban dwellers as a hedge against hard times or a real-estate investment. They have little motive to consolidate their holdings or expel their tenants, however (though they may not be careful of them as Bray depicts; had she done her fieldwork in Java rather than relatively unpopulated Malaysia she might have painted a darker picture). Rice-growing is hard and produces very little profit, and where there is any possibility of alternative employment the younger generation is leaving the farm. People who buy up rice land do not do so with the idea of taking up the profession themselves.

In short, a good deal of what Bray sees in civilizational terms can be given a more prosaic explanation, and her emphasis on "skill-oriented" versus "mechanical" technology too often seems romanticizing. But this all leaves a book which gives us much fascinating knowledge concerning the history and methods of rice cultivation.

adopted by the IMF and the World Bank. He is equally critical of these and other Western institutions. In the paper on "The Current Crisis in International Economic Co-operation" delivered in 1982, he gives them full credit for the help they provided to developing countries from the early 1950s to the later 1970s, but clearly feels that by the 1980s the "will to operate has been progressively flagging precisely at the time when the need and scope for it have increased". He then lists fifteen indicators of the decline in Western benevolence, which he calls "the new fundamentalism", and points to a resultant hardness in the line taken by the IMF and the World Bank to the poor and indebted. He accepts that some countries may be necessary where public policy is at fault; but, putting on, as it were, his thinking hat, he comments that:

There is no simple economic theory which is not just a tautology or at best a truism about human nature which, unfortunately, is true only in that it refuses to be standardised. There are useful economic concepts and tools; but they have to be transcribed into the actual analysis of situations as they emerge so that they might indicate approximate answers to the problems of the day. And the answers would at one time or another favour a change, to give only a few examples, towards or away from intervention, towards or away from planning from below, towards or away from exposure to external competition, towards or away from austerity as distinct from incentives, and towards or away from regulating the pace of technological transformation; and the answers may be different at the same time for different sectors of the economy.

This may explain how Patel has been able to move so freely between advising those who give aid and advising those who receive it. Dogmatism, irrationality and extremism are castigated on both sides. Thus he is critical of many aspects of Indian development planning and its execution, and in particular what he described in 1980, when talking about attitudes to Indian agriculture, as "the growing consensus on so many issues... which were once the centre of considerable debate and controversy" because "this very consensus might come in the way of a truly critical approach to our problems". He attacks publicly owned industries in India for making little, or even a negative, contribution to national savings, but is equally critical of privately owned industries, whose internal resource generation, "although a bit better than that of the public sector, is poor by any standards". Protectionism, a key element in the industrializing policies of almost all Third World countries, gets little sympathy. "As in most economic matters, protection benefits one group of people in a country while it harms another - on balance, the harm is greater for the country as a whole, at any rate when the loss and the gain are aggregated over a period of time." The "infant industry" argument for protection can be overdone: "Nor can one overlook the fact that infants, when protected too much and for too long, develop into retarded children who become a burden on the community at large."

But the art of making economic policy does not lie in the revelation of some simple principles or rules to which one can stick through thick and thin. It lies essentially in selecting the right mix, the right proportion and the right sequence of seemingly contradictory economic impulses which all have their place in securing the manifold and indeed sometimes conflicting objectives that all societies themselves define in smaller or greater degrees.

Questioning a received piety

Simon Green

JOHN EDWARDS
Positive Discrimination, Social Justice, and
Social Policy: Moral scrutiny of a policy
practice
243pp. Tavistock. £18.50 (paperback, £8.50).
042614009

Could it ever be justified to prefer a woman to a man, or a black person to a white, for an advantageous position in society on the grounds that she was a woman, or that he/she was black? The theory of positive discrimination argues that under existing conditions in most developed countries this policy is defensible; indeed, that it is just. The idea is not simply an academic fancy: it is informally practised by some British institutions and has become part of the law in the United States of America.

John Edwards's *Positive Discrimination, Social Justice, and Social Policy* subjects the theory to rigorous conceptual analysis, but in a form wholly accessible to the general reader. Moreover, although the book concentrates on a philosophical investigation of the issues, abstract concepts are throughout related to concrete evidence about social trends in the United Kingdom, and policy conclusions are firmly rooted within the bounds of empirical possibility. Its arguments and observations benefit greatly from the cool realism of those self-imposed limitations.

Edwards defines positive discrimination strictly as a practice that is designed to benefit selected groups and in which the criteria used to identify beneficiaries are different from those for which benefit is given. If an individual receives a benefit on the grounds of need, or merit, or restitution of rights, and if he or she is allocated this benefit solely upon those criteria, then he or she is not a recipient of positive discrimination. If, however, in the fulfilment of those same objectives, recipients are identified as being eligible for benefits according to (or partially according to) criteria such as race or sex, then those recipients do benefit from positive discrimination. This definition immediately and correctly identifies the importance of group membership and morally arbitrary criteria in the practice of positive discrimination.

Edwards distinguishes between two discrete defences of the theory: that of justice; and that of utility. He analyses two arguments from justice: those of needs and those of rights. The first is a weaker form of a "needs-principle". Edwards that if, and only if, needs are to be secured in justice, and if the concentration of people of a gender, ethnic or even area-residence group who have greater needs than others who are not of those categories is sufficient to warrant the use of group criteria as the best way of allocating resources to them, then positive discrimination would be a just practice to bring those people closer to equality of welfare. It would be just even though some of those who did benefit had no particular needs. But by any reasonable standards nothing like a sufficient concentration of group under-privileged in these categories exists in the United Kingdom or the United States. Too many women, too many ethnic minority members and too many inner-city residents are not among the most deprived, and would gain benefits denied by categorical exclusion to others who were more underprivileged. It would be a manifestly unfair and insufficiently selective use of resources to improve overall welfare.

The defence most commonly pursued in the United States is that of right to compensation. According to this argument, women, blacks, and other "minorities" are deemed to have suffered harm as a group and endured a deprivation of their right to treatment as equals through past discrimination. They, therefore,

have a right, in justice, to compensation. But who is liable, and who must pay the cost? And who really suffered a deprivation of his or her rights? Edwards offers subtle arguments to suggest that even if it was maintained that women and ethnic minorities as whole groups had suffered a deprivation of rights, and the whole group of white males had benefited from that deprivation and was therefore liable to pay compensation as a group, under almost any conceivable administration of compensation it would actually be paid to individuals. Moreover, given that positive discrimination characteristically occurs in entry-level jobs, employment promotion and admission to college places, it would invariably be secured by some of those who had suffered least, and additionally, it would be paid by many of those who gained least, from prior discrimination. It would simply be a novel, and grotesque, form of injustice which would be tolerated in a political community only in so far as it was tokenistic.

A second, quite different defence for positive discrimination attempts to justify the practice by pointing to positive beneficial consequences. This argument contends that possible benefits to society from the practice of positive discrimination are more important than anxieties about the niceties of its philosophical justification. But if rigorous experience is to be the sole defence of this practice, then its claims to continued support must be ever more slight. Most utilitarian defences of positive discrimination look more dubious on closer examination. One argument asserts that sexual or ethnic groups have peculiar needs because of their sex or ethnicity, and that under existing conditions, and because of past discrimination, those needs are not being met in present society. It is further maintained that, whatever injustices are borne in order to provide for those needs, there will be greater gains to society if they are met; and they can only be met by the practice of positive discrimination. One example frequently cited is that of the health needs of blacks in the United States. It is alleged that the low proportion of black doctors practising in that country indirectly discriminates against the health of blacks because they are less willing to consult white doctors than black, and these are in shorter supply. That supply can only be increased, and consequently black health improved, by the practice of positive discrimination. This argument is highly dubious. First, the evidence of black preference for black medical practitioners is suspect. Secondly, it cannot be assumed that preferred black candidates in medical schools would not, in turn, prefer to practice medicine to fee-paying white clients. A mere numerical increase of black doctors need not necessarily improve "black health". Thirdly, there could be additional disutilities resulting from this policy. The idea that an ethnic minority can only have its needs met by people from its own group speaks of increased, not decreased, racial separation in society.



"Playing cards, East Baltimore, Maryland, June 1971", a detail from one of Ronald L. Freeman's photographs from his book *Southern Roads/City Pavements: Photographs of Black Americans (1971 black-and-white plates. International Center of Photography, New York. Available from the Photographer's Gallery, 5 Great Newport Street, London WC2. £7.95. 0933642040).*

None of these objections proves that positive discrimination could never, under any circumstances, be justified. It merely suggests that the policy is currently directed at very uncertain targets. Too much emphasis has been placed on ethnicity and gender, too little on class and income. Though policies of preference might indeed be adopted to favour particularly unfortunate groups, it is difficult to escape Nathan Glazer's conclusion that "racial and ethnic groups are poor categories for the design of public policy".

John Edwards's doubts about the efficacy of positive discrimination are kept firmly in this balance. His moral objections are strict but not dogmatic. His scepticism about consequentialist benefits is deep but not unfordable. With great attention to detail, but in a limply clear prose, touched by a mordant wit, he has questioned the wisdom of what threatens to become a received piety.

Between rich and poor

D. K. Fieldhouse

I. G. PATEL
Essays in Economic Policy and Economic
Growth
261pp. Macmillan. £29.50.
0333392132

Few men have been better placed than I. G. Patel, now Director of the London School of Economics, to observe and influence the evolution of ideas on how best to promote the economic and social development of the Third World, for he had worked for many years at the International Monetary Fund as well as in the Indian government. *Essays in Economic Policy and Economic Growth* contains a selection of sixteen lectures and papers Patel delivered between 1961 and 1986.

The essays are arranged in three groups. "Economic Analysis and Economic Policy" deals with the utility of trade for developing countries, the priority to be accorded to agriculture, the significance of inflation and the relationship between economic theory and economic policy. "Economic Growth and Social Justice" is primarily concerned with how growth in Third World countries can be made compatible with the moral claim of the poorest sections of society that priority be given to the search for greater equality between classes and countries. (This section, however, includes a very interesting essay, "Free Enterprise in the Nehru Era", which takes that "Era" to run from the early 1950s to the present and underlines the paradox that a development strategy which has always purported to be "socialist" has in fact allowed private capitalism to flourish, even though, by international standards, its performance has been poor.) "International Economic Co-operation", finally, concentrates on different aspects of the relationship between rich and poor countries and reflects changing preoccupations. The first two papers, delivered in 1966 and 1970 (the first to the then annual Cambridge Conference on Development Problems), are on how aid should be given and received. The last two, given in 1982

and 1985, deal with the current crisis in Third World countries and the problem of indebtedness.

Seen as a whole the value of this collection lies perhaps in the insight it provides into the mind of an economist whose career forced him to think both as a citizen of a very poor Third World country whose future depended partly on the generosity of the rich, and also as an official of international organizations dominated by those rich states that alone could provide the aid essential to the poor. How did Patel meet the challenge, looking Janus-like in both directions at once?

The key to his position seems to lie in the fundamental moderation of his thinking, sustained with remarkable consistency throughout his whole career. At root he appears to be a Keynesian: the market is not enough; the State must play an active and leading role in economic development; planning is necessary to get priorities right. He is also a humanitarian: national affluence, measured by aggregate growth, must be matched by concern for the poorest sections of society and redistribution involves public action. Yet he is also critical of the rigidity of many of the concepts of the early development economists, which were influenced by the dirigisme characteristic of the Second World War, as well as by the model of Soviet planning in the 1920s and '30s, along with the "structuralist" arguments developed by Latin American economists as a response to the failure of their own economies to sustain growth without high levels of inflation during and after the Second World War. In practice, however, economic policy and performance have been influenced far more by pragmatic considerations than by pure theory, and rightly so. In a key passage in the introduction to these essays Patel sums up his central message:

But the art of making economic policy does not lie in the revelation of some simple principles or rules to which one can stick through thick and thin. It lies essentially in selecting the right mix, the right proportion and the right sequence of seemingly contradictory economic impulses which all have their place in securing the manifold and indeed sometimes conflicting objectives that all societies themselves define in smaller or greater degrees.

This may explain how Patel has been able to move so freely between advising those who give aid and advising those who receive it. Dogmatism, irrationality and extremism are castigated on both sides. Thus he is critical of many aspects of Indian development planning and its execution, and in particular what he described in 1980, when talking about attitudes to Indian agriculture, as "the growing consensus on so many issues... which were once the centre of considerable debate and controversy" because "this very consensus might come in the way of a truly critical approach to our problems". He attacks publicly owned industries in India for making little, or even a negative, contribution to national savings, but is equally critical of privately owned industries, whose internal resource generation, "although a bit better than that of the public sector, is poor by any standards". Protectionism, a key element in the industrializing policies of almost all Third World countries, gets little sympathy. "As in most economic matters, protection benefits one group of people in a country while it harms another - on balance, the harm is greater for the country as a whole, at any rate when the loss and the gain are aggregated over a period of time." The "infant industry" argument for protection can be overdone: "Nor can one overlook the fact that infants, when protected too much and for too long, develop into retarded children who become a burden on the community at large."

At times Patel's ideas, echo, the positions

If rich sovereign governments have practical limitations in pursuing appropriate policies... it is futile to expect perfection in all respects from those who also have to contend with public opinion and pressure groups? The point is not that progressive appropriate policies should not be made, you cannot tie down nations on every count, consider failure on any point as reason to stop support... I am afraid the staff of the Bank of the Fund, which has normally been sensitive to concerns, is now under threat of being pressed into unwarranted rigidity out of fear of losing part of its dominant members.

Be aware of the iron laws of economic development: be moderate, be humane and pragmatic in applying them. This appears to be I. G. Patel's basic doctrine. This book provides a useful insight both into the changing issues of the last twenty-five years and to his responses to them. Reading it is a pleasure, thanks both to the precision of expression and his lucid phrasing.

World debt is one of the large issues raised in the highly technical *Economic Policy Theory and Practice*, edited by Asaf Razin and Ebrahim Saïda (552pp. Macmillan. £29.95. 02529 0). Commentary by another member of the staff of the Fund, Francis M. Miles, follows most of the essays. Francis Miles awarded the Nobel Prize for economics in 1974. His essay on public debt is particularly relevant to the current crisis in Third World countries.

The child-bearing position

Nicola Lacey

ROALD POLLACK PETCHESKY
Abortion and Woman's Choice: The State,
Feminism and Reproductive Freedom
243pp. Verso. £24.95 (paperback, £8.95).
085018551

Abortion has long been the subject of heated and inconclusive abstract debate between those arguing from fundamentally differing basic premises. *Abortion and Woman's Choice*, by contrast, seeks to sharpen our focus twenty-five years and to his responses to them. Reading it is a pleasure, thanks both to the precision of expression and his lucid phrasing.

The legalization of abortion in the United States in the 1970s was based on a liberal conception of a right to privacy and a medical right of self-determination and availability. At the heart of Petchesky's argument is a dual claim: that the right to privacy and the right to self-determination are not absolute, and that positive reproductive control and that positive reproductive control are not absolute.

sexual autonomy but also to her social autonomy. Thus she thinks that the liberal conception of rights and the medical model of entitlement are both inadequate, the former because it entails only a negative right to non-interference, rather than any positive enablement or access; the latter because - despite being salutary in its recognition of abortion as a woman's health issue - it downgrades the moral significance of woman's choice in favour of arguments from "medical need". Petchesky locates the gradual retreat from legalized abortion in the United States, the emergence of the pro-life movement and a growing tendency to regard women who "elect" for abortion as selfish and deviant, within a broad social reaction facilitated by the failure of feminist ideology to infuse popular consciousness, and prompted by popular fears about the breakdown of traditional social roles and institutions in the absence of clear alternatives.

Ultimately, and perhaps most significantly, Petchesky challenges the traditional construction of the moral debate in terms of "fetal personhood". She argues that in thinking about the politics of abortion we should privilege the moral judgments of women. For women's special consciousness and experience as child-bearers puts them in a unique position to make moral decisions on this issue.

This view, combined with the dual claim for reproductive freedom, entails that abortion must be viewed as a positive, enabling right, a choice which must be respected as a matter of fundamental social need common to all women.

Several difficult questions arise about Petchesky's position, and I shall simply mention two of the most salient. First, it is implicit in her argument that being feminist and opposing abortion, at least at the political level, are incompatible. Doubtless women who do oppose abortion will feel that Petchesky has dodged the issue of the moral status of the foetus, just as surely as Petchesky accuses the traditional debate of dodging questions about the significance of abortion rights for women. Second, it is not clear just how universal Petchesky's argument purports to be. At some points it seems that what she describes as the essential biological component of pregnancy means that abortion as a form of reproductive control will always be of special significance to women that their consciousness must be accorded a conclusive moral status at all times and in all societies in making abortion decisions. Put in this black-and-white way, the argument seems vulnerable to attack both as biologically and historically. At other points, however, Petchesky defends a subtler view, underlining the specificity

of the meaning of access to abortion to women at different times, in different cultures and in different social positions. The universality of the essential biological component only determines a threshold significance for all women: its degree varies. She argues, for example, that greater male involvement in child rearing would change male consciousness and experience and enable men's choices to be recorded higher status in relevant areas than would now be justified. The subtler view avoids the claim of biologist, although at the cost of a relativism which some will find unacceptable.

Petchesky provides a powerful, complex account which convincingly demonstrates the centrality of abortion as a feminist issue, and the salience of moves to cut down abortion rights as part of a more general retreat from public commitment to women's liberation. It presents a strong challenge to those who have claimed a monopoly of the moral territory. In reconceiving abortion as a positive condition of women's full self-determination, participation and personhood, and in setting the issue in the context of broader social and political relations, Petchesky shifts the basis of the debate onto terrain where anti-abortionists must now respond to her arguments or be morally condemned as anti-feminist and even misogynist by default.

TLS Listings

A comprehensive weekly selection
of new and forthcoming books received by the TLS

Anthropology

Erington, Frederick, and Deborah Gewertz Cultural Alternatives and a Feminist Anthropology: An analysis of culturally constructed gender interests in Papua New Guinea. Cambridge UP, 1985pp. £20/\$24.95. 0 521 33402 6. 23/7/87.
Fortes, M., and E. E. Evans-Pritchard, editors African Political Systems (1st pub 1940). KPI International African Institute. 302pp. £9.95 (paperback). 0 7103 0245 2. 23/7/87.
Lamphear, Louise From Working Daughters to Working Mothers: Immigrant women in a New England industrial community (Anthropology of Contemporary Issues). Ithaca, NY: Cornell UP. 304pp. \$49.50 (hardcover). \$16.45 (paperback). 0 8014 1945 X (h), 0 8014 9441 9 (pb). 23/7/87.

Archaeology

Merrifield, Ralph The Archaeology of Ritual and Magic. Basingstoke. 224pp. illus. £14.95. 0 7134 4870 9. 30/7/87.

Architecture

Blickling Hall. National Trust. 96pp. illus. £1.95 (paperback). 0 7078 0866 2.

Ralph, Edward The Modern Urban Landscape. Basingstoke: Croom Helm. 272pp. illus. 130 (hardcover). £10.95 (paperback). 0 7099 2241 0 (h), 0 7099 4270 2 (pb). 23/7/87.

Art

Arnos, Victor, et al Graham Ovenden Academy Editions / New York: St Martin's. 160pp. plates. £24.95. 0 85670 916 6. 0 312 0139 3. 7/87.

Cohen, Joan Lebold The New Chinese Painting 1949-1986. New York: Abrams. 160pp. illus. \$35 (hardcover). \$19.95 (paperback). 0 8169 1372 0 (h), 0 8169 2355 6 (pb). 6/87.
Gombrich, E. H., edited by Richard Woodfield Reflections on the History of Art: Views and reviews. Oxford: Phaidon. 250pp. illus. £17.50. 0 7143 2493 8. 9/7/87.

Johnson, Douglas, and Madeline Johnson The Age of Illusion: Art and politics in France 1918-1940. Thames and Hudson. 160pp. illus. £14.50. 0 500 01404 3. 27/87.

McKenzie, Joseph Puges of Experience: Photography 1947-1987. Edinburgh: Polygon. 96pp. illus. £19.95 (hardcover). £12.95 (paperback). 0 948275 42 1 (h), 0 948275 43 X (pb). 10/7/87.

Palla, Michael, editor Happy Holidays: The golden age of railway posters. Michael Joseph / Pavilion. 94pp. plates. £9.95. 1 85145 102 7. 30/7/87.
Turner, Jane Shoen, editor Master Drawings: The Woodcut Collection. Royal Academy of Arts / Weyland and Nicolson. 304pp. illus. £15.90 (paperback).

Bibliography

Human, Maggie An Annotated Critical Bibliography of Feminist Criticism. Brighton: Harvester. 240pp. £45. 0 7108 1061 X. 14/7/87.
McDonnell, Joseph, and Patrick Healy Gold-Tooled Bookbindings Commissioned by Trinity College Dublin in the 18th Century (Studies in the History of Irish Bookbinding, 1). Irish Georgian Society, Leixlip Castle, Co Kildare. 340pp. plates. £75. 0 9512023 0 8.

Sunders, David John Dos Pastos: A comprehensive bibliography. New York: Garland. 511pp. \$67. 0 8240 8738 0.

Spector, Stephen, editor Essays in Paper Analysis. Associated University Presses / Washington, DC: Folger. 240pp. illus. £22.50. 0 918016 87 8. 23/87.

Niark, Amy, editor Edward Weston Papers (Guide Series, 13). Tucson: Centre for Creative Photography, University of Arizona. 52pp. £3 (paperback).

Biography, letters and diaries

Beecham, Thomas foreword by Shirley Becham A Hinted Chime (Lively Arts series; 1st pub 1944). Columbia. 190pp. £5.95 (paperback). 0 80287 376 2. 27/87.

Bligh, William; edited by John Bach The Bligh Notebook: 28 April to 14 June 1789, transcription and facsimile. Allen and Unwin / National Library of Australia. 330pp. £16.95. 0 04 909032 1. 0 642 10404 2. 6/87.

De Mille, Agnes; foreword by Martha Graham Dance to the Piper: Memoirs of the ballet (Lively Arts series; 1st pub 1951). Columbia. 342pp. illus. £5.95 (paperback). 0 80287 378 9. 27/87.

Delany, Paul The Neo-Pagans: Friendship and love in the Rupert Brooke circle. Macmillan, 270pp. illus. £14.95. 0 333 44572 4. 3/8/87.

Guthrie, Tyrone; foreword by Peter Hall A Life in the Theatre (Lively Arts series; 1st pub 1960). Columbia. 320pp. illus. £5.95 (paperback). 0 80287 381 9. 27/8/87.

Holman-Hunt, Diana My Grandfather, His Wives and Loves (Lively Arts series; 1st pub 1969). Columbia. 307pp. illus. £5.95 (paperback). 0 80287 379 7. 27/87.

Krishnamurti, J. Krishnamurti's Journal (1st pub 1982). Gollancz. 100pp. £4.95 (paperback). 0 575 04126 9. 6/8/87.

Manning, Rosemary A Corridor of Mirrors. Women's Press. 234pp. £5.95 (paperback). 0 7043 4054 2. 18/8/87.

Marx, Graccho; foreword by James Thurber Groucho and Me (Lively Arts series; 1st pub 1959). Columbia. 250pp. illus. £5.95 (paperback). 0 80287 377 0. 27/87.

Milner, Marion Eternity's Sunrise: A way of keeping a diary. Virago. 180pp. £5.50 (paperback). 0 80668 865 8. 6/8/87.

Morrish, Patrick André Simon: Gourmet and wine lover. Longview. 224pp. illus. £10.95. 0 09 467410 8. 27/7/87.

Porter, Hal The Extra (1st pub in Australia 1975). Queensland UP, dist by Dent. 250pp. £6.50 (paperback). 0 7022 3052 3. 9/7/87.

Von Sternberg, Josef Fun in a Chinese Laundry (Lively Arts series; 1st pub 1965). Columbia. 348pp. illus. £5.95 (paperback). 0 80287 380 0. 27/8/87.

Wilson, Joan Wellington's Marriage: A soldier's wife. Weyland and Nicolson. 186pp. illus. £12.95. 0 297 70171 0. 6/8/87.

Classics

Andersen, Lene Studies in Oracular Verses: Concordance to Delphic responses in hexameter (Historical-linguistic Meddelser 53). Royal Danish Academy, H. C. Andersen Boulevard 35, DK-1553, Copenhagen V. 274pp. DK300 (paperback). 87 2304 175 0.

Aristophanes translated and edited by Alan H. Sommerstein Birds (Comedies of Aristophanes, vol 6). Warminster: Arts and Phillips. 311pp. 0 85668 287 X (h), 0 85668 288 8 (pb).

Clergy translated and edited by T. N. Mitchell Virginita 2, book 1. Warminster: Arts and Phillips. 229pp. 0 85668 252 7 (h), 0 85668 253 3 (pb).

Proculus translated by Glenn R. Morrow and John M. Dillon; edited by John M. Dillon Proculus' Commentary on Plato's "Parmenides". Guildford: Princeton UP. 610pp. £52. 0 691 07305 8. 12/8/87.

Sophocles; translated and edited by Andrew Brown Antigone. Warminster: Arts and Phillips. 227pp. 0 85668 266 7 (h), 0 85668 267 3 (pb).

Economics

Banks, Ferdinand E. The Political Economy of Natural Gas. Beckenham: Croom Helm. 200pp. £30. 0 7099 3940 X. 23/7/87.

Gillis, Malcolm, et al Economics of Development, 2nd edition. Norton. 623pp. £12.95 (paperback). 0 393 95348 6.

Schmidt, Christian, editor The Economics of Military Expenditures (Proceedings of a Conference held by the IEA in Paris). Macmillan. 391pp. £35. 0 333 42238 4. 27/8/87.

Åberg, Yagve The Impact of Working Hours and Other Factors on Production and Employment. Aldershot: Avebury. 166pp. £22.50. 0 566 05480 9. 23/7/87.

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Asimov, Isaac, Martin H. Greenberg and Charles G. Waugh, editors Cosmic Knights: Short novels and stories from 10 masters of fantasy. Robinson. 339pp. £2.95 (paperback). 0 948164 41 7. 23/7/87.

Asimov, Isaac, Martin H. Greenberg and Charles G. Waugh, editors Glants: Short novels and stories from 12 masters of fantasy. Robinson. 351pp. £2.95 (paperback). 0 948164 42 5. 23/7/87.

Barker, Clive, Ramsey Campbell and Lisa Tuttle; edited by George R. R. Martin Night Vision (Century Fantasy and SF). Century Hutchinson. 288pp. £11.95. 0 7126 1155 X. 6/8/87.

Batorty, Elizabeth Come the Deep Water: Sea stories. Pudding: Tabb House. 66pp. £2.95 (paperback). 0 907018 56 4. 23/7/87.

Burgess, Moira The Other Voice: Scottish women's writing since 1808. Edinburgh: Polygon. 290pp. £12.95 (hardcover). £5.95 (paperback). 0 948275 39 1 (h), 0 948275 31 6 (pb).

Crowley, John The Deep (1st pub 1975). Unwin Hyman. 176pp. £2.95 (paperback). 0 8423318 8. 30/7/87.

Detman, David Dead Faces Laughing (Crime Club). Collins. 164pp. £9.95. 0 00 332149 1. 7/8/87.

Duane, Colin Hooligan. Secker and Warburg. 280pp. £10.95. 0 336 1358 8. 10/8/87.

Duane, John Gregory The Red White and Blue. Weyland and Nicolson. 75pp. £11.95. 0 297 79151 6. 6/8/87.

Hall, Sandra Cosmic Botanicals Trilogy, book 1: Vinygromen of Hera. Solitaires / Aunt Lute, PO Box 31087, San Francisco, CA 94141. 180pp. \$8.95 (paperback). 0 933216 30 2.

Harbilly, Barbara The Silent Tower. Unwin Hyman. 249pp. £2.95 (paperback). 0 04 843377 3. 30/7/87.

Harvey, Julietta Familiar Wars. Michael Joseph. 251pp. £10.95. 0 7181 2823 0. 17/8/87.

Holdstock, Robert (Robert Faulcon) The Ghosts: Century Fantasy and SF; 1st pub 1983). Century Hutchinson. 411pp. £11.95. 0 7126 1747 4. 6/8/87.

Holdstock, Robert (Robert Faulcon) The Stilding (Century Fantasy and SF; 1st pub 1983). Century Hutchinson. 400pp. £11.95. 0 7126 1746 6. 6/8/87.

Hughes, David The Imperial German Dinner Service (1st pub 1983). Grafton / Paladin. 155pp. £2.95 (paperback). 0 586 08575 0. 23/7/87.

Imman, Robert Home Fires Burning. Michael Joseph. 392pp. £10.95. 0 7181 2856 7. 17/8/87.

King, Francis Danny Hill: Memoirs of a promising gentleman (1st pub 1977). GMP. 188pp. £3.95 (paperback). 0 83449 088 2. 6/8/87.

Lee, Taniith Sabella. Unwin Hyman. 157pp. £2.50 (paperback). 0 04 823856 3. 30/7/87.

Martori, Joe Street Fights. Phoenix, A.Z. Paragon / Santa Barbara Press. 389pp. \$17.95. 0 915643 24 3. 15/7/87.

Masters, Olga Amy's Children. Queensland UP, dist by Dent. 240pp. £12.95. 0 7022 2010 8. 3/9/87.

McCauley, Stephen The Object of My Affection. Macmillan. 316pp. £10.95. 0 333 44948 3. 6/8/87.

Meek, M. R. D. A Worm of Doubt (Crime Club). Collins. 191pp. £9.95. 0 00 232144 0. 17/8/87.

Moggach, Deborah Smile and other stories. Viking. 175pp. £10.95. 0 670 81658 2. 10/8/87.

Paretsky, Sara Bitter Medicine. Gollancz. 321pp. £10.95. 0 575 04094 7. 6/8/87.

Redman, Anne Second Sight. Secker and Warburg. 260pp. £10.95. 0 436 489913 2. 24/8/87.

Rovinsky, Kathleen The Quiet War of Rebecca Sheldon. Gollancz. 320pp. £11.95. 0 575 04091 2. 6/8/87.

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